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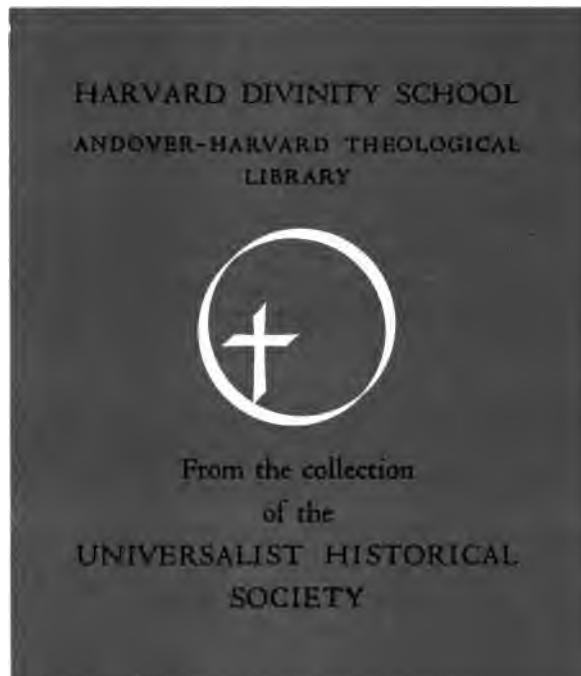
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THE LITTLE CHILD
IN SUNDAY SCHOOL



GUILD AND POOR

Mrs. Paul Drake.





**THE BEACON PRESS PUBLICATIONS
IN RELIGIOUS EDUCATION**

**THE NEW BEACON COURSE
OF GRADED LESSONS**

**WILLIAM I. LAWRENCE
FLORENCE BUCK**

EDITORS

**THE LITTLE CHILD
IN
SUNDAY SCHOOL**

**THEME:
LOVE AND SERVICE**

THE LITTLE CHILD IN SUNDAY SCHOOL

*A MANUAL FOR TEACHERS
OF BEGINNERS' CLASSES*

(Ages, four and five)

BY
CLARA T. GUILD
AND
LILLIAN B. POOR



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TO
ALL LITTLE CHILDREN
WHERE'ER THEY MAY BE

EDITORS' PREFACE

THIS book for beginners deals with two fundamental ideas, love and service. The social point of view is consistently maintained. The child is taken in his normal relations, now extended from the home to that larger group found in the Sunday school. While the needs of the entire nature of the child and the conditions which surround his life are carefully considered, the emphasis is placed on the development of his religious qualities. The lessons aim to furnish instruction in right conduct and also to present ideals which shall develop a quality of life, a spirit and aim in the child's heart which result in fine action and a noble and reverent attitude toward the world in which he lives. In the lesson for Easter, for example, the thought is not confined to the awakening of nature; it is carried on to the awakening of new life and new love in the soul. Even little children respond to this appeal, and glimpse, according to their capacity, something of the wonder and vastness of the Easter message. The lessons offer an opportunity, steadily developed and increased, for the children's expression of the spirit of love in service.

These lessons are the outcome of wide experience in the teaching of little children. They have been evolved and tested by the authors through several years in the Beginners' department of the Disciples School, Boston. Miss Poor is Assistant Director of Kindergartens in the City of Boston, and Mrs. Guild is Dean of the Tuckerman School for the training of religious workers.

The Beacon Course of graded lessons for religious education is designed throughout to meet life at each stage of its development. The course aims to awaken the consciousness of the life of God in the soul, to bring to the pupils their heritage of Christian achievement, to teach the truths of the Bible and of nature in their bearing on life and destiny, to furnish a basis for a judgment of values, and to arouse ideals of character, conduct and service which shall result in noble manhood and womanhood. It is believed that this first book in the course will reveal the same spirit and aim which animates the later volumes, and that it will be found useful in helping the little child to realize the presence of God and to take the first steps in the love-inspired life of duty and service.

THE EDITORS

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INTRODUCTION

THESE lessons are prepared to be used with little children in Sunday schools. They are based on the conviction that the fundamental elements of religion in the hearts of children may be developed by right teaching; that simple stories of everyday life make a sure appeal; and that situations and experiences in the story which emphasize love and kindness bring a corresponding response in the child's thought and action.

The series begins with the story of a little girl who, going for the first time to the Sunday school, finds there what she has found in her own home, and recognizes the fact that "Where love is, there is home," — which is the theme for the first two groups of lessons.

Love shown in gratitude marks the November lessons, and love in a great gift is the theme for December. Love which speaks through nature's message and through the still, small voice in our hearts brings to the lessons of January and February an intimate thought of something which "alway, alway sings," which the children have now learned to call the voice of God.

The spring lessons, with the Easter message of "New life — new love," lead up to the Easter lesson, and are followed by those which reveal love in protection. The divine protection is symbolized by the care of the shepherd for the sheep, of the dog for the little child, and of nature for her children. The series culminates in lessons on the "love that serves."

The careful observer will discover that the idea of helpfulness is in every lesson, as is also the thought of responsibility. The two go together and are the direct outcome

of love. This continued repetition of motives prepares for the lessons which are to follow in other books in the Beacon Course, and gives a foundation for the further development of the child's spiritual life, which is the ultimate aim of all religious instruction.

INTRODUCING THE LESSON

It is suggested that something of natural beauty or interest be provided each day to introduce the lesson. Whether there be brought autumn leaves, a branch from a nut tree, fall flowers or spring flowers, seed-pods or cocoons, let the thought be directed to nature's beauty and bounty and to the idea of sharing these with others. Sometimes the flowers used may be given to the members of the class; again they may be given after the hour to some one whom the children shall choose. If possible, place what has been brought on a small low table where it may be easily seen and enjoyed during the nature talk. The illustrations suggested will be used in localities where they may be easily obtained. Others may be as effectively used except in the few cases where the object chosen has a direct connection with the thought of the lesson.

In Sunday schools connected with churches where flowers are used for pulpit decoration throughout the year, it should be an easy and natural coöperation between church and school for the flower committee to see that the table of the little children's class is supplied with blossoms. Let no lesson pass without some reference to the beauty of nature.

CONCERNING THE STORY

Because there are more classes of little children whose ages vary between three and six years than of classes where all are of one age, the material chosen is of a quality and

quantity that permits adaptation. Should lesson-story or hymn or memory verse be found to be too long or too difficult, the wise teacher will modify these to suit the needs and the capacity of her class. If a simple lesson-story just fits the very youngest children's requirements, to it may be added another story and more difficult but related memory verses or hymns for the older pupils.

The teacher, then, will study these lessons with her class in mind, and after deciding how she may best use what is here offered, she will search for such additional material as her particular class may require.

No one set of lessons will be entirely right for all groups of children, and that is well; for each teacher, by using the manual as a guide, is enabled to prepare for her class just the kind and amount of lesson-material which she herself, as well as the class, needs. The originality, spontaneity and freshness of presentation thus acquired are of inestimable value to class and teacher.

No one will expect to interest a class in a lesson for which she feels only indifference. Therefore, study the lessons to grasp their significance and to catch their spirit. Then learn the story, the hymn, the memory work for each day. In preparing the lesson, the story should be read until its substance and the points in proper sequence are fixed in the mind. Then tell the story in your own words except in cases indicated, and tell it as though it were of greatest importance. Never recite the words merely as words. The result is fatal to the best story ever written.

HOW TO USE THE HANDWORK

The use of handwork in religious instruction is based on the pupil's need for activity and self-expression. The child of kindergarten age is ever active and interested

in doing something. Handwork, when carefully planned and properly directed, helps impress the thought of the lesson.

The handwork suggested in these lessons was chosen for its simplicity and appropriateness. It will be easy to substitute other forms or to enlarge the amount if desired. The teacher should remember, however, that it is easy to devote too long a time to this part of the lesson "because the children like it," without considering whether the main part of the teaching has been given the time and emphasis it should receive. To help even very little children to listen to good questions and to express their answers is an opportunity which should not be slighted.

Before any handwork is attempted it is important to make plain to the children what is to be done. Talk about the text or drawing to be colored or traced, and show its connection with the thought of the story. Try to have the work done well without changing its significance from thought-expression to a purely mechanical process.

Often the work may better be finished at home. This will save time for other class work and help toward co-operation with the family, which is very desirable.

The material should be prepared and all arrangements made for its use outside the class. Pencils and crayons, paste, scissors, plasticine and papers or designs for cutting, folding or drawing, should be in order before the class assembles. There will be less distraction and waste of time if the material be placed on a table away from the circle where the story is told, to which the chairs may be taken at the right time.

For the color work, Rubens' crayola may be used, as the marks do not rub off. Harbutt's plasticine is recommended for the modelling. This may be used over and over, and enough for a large class will be found in two

pound packages. The hands may be rubbed dry after the exercise with coarse paper or paper towelling.

It is well to provide sheets of blank paper for very young children to use in free drawing while the teacher is directing the work of older members of the class.

Paper-folding is a form of handwork easily adapted to these stories. In Lesson 2, for example, papers may be folded to suggest the tents in which Joseph and his people lived. The sheepfold (see Lesson 30) may be represented by folding a long, narrow strip of paper into four parts and shaping into a hollow square. Join by inserting one end into a slit in the other, and finish by cutting a small door in one side.

There are easy and attractive forms of handwork which help impress the lessons relating to the seasons or the festivals of the Christian year. Sheets of paper may be prepared for class use with stars of various sizes, or Christmas trees or wreaths, in outline, to be cut and colored by the children. Baskets drawn in outline may be cut out and pasted on cards with the upper edge of the basket free, making it possible to insert flowers into this space. Or baskets may be made from squares of paper. Provide five-inch squares in which you have cut a slit two inches long from each corner on the diagonal line connecting opposite corners. Have the children fold to make the bottom, crease and paste overlapping sides, and attach a strip of paper for the handle. The basket may then be used as a gift of love and as an expression of a desire to serve.

Paper hexagons for snow-flake cutting (see Lesson 19) may be bought from any dealer in kindergarten supplies.¹

To cut the six-angled star for the snow-flake, fold the hexagon by placing two opposite edges together. Holding

¹ These are sold by the Milton Bradley Company, Boston, at 20 cents per hundred.

the folded side toward you, fold first the right edge, and then the left, down to the edges first joined, thus making an equilateral triangle. Cut to the centre of this triangle through all thicknesses of paper from the two corners which touch the edges first joined. Open and mount the star thus formed on colored paper. Variety may be secured by using hexagons of different sizes, and by indenting the cut lines. Handwork of this type may well follow actual observation of the beauty of the snow-flake.

Remember to commend improvement. It will encourage continued effort, which in turn will help in the development of the children who are being taught.

TEACHING HYMNS AND PRAYERS

The hymns, songs and responses to be used with these lessons are printed on the leaflets which accompany them. Some of these are fitted to express the child's emotions, some are suited to general use but simple and concrete enough to be used by children: texts of Scripture set to music, and responses to prayers. A few church hymns are included. This is done both to meet the needs of the older members of the class, and to give to all some share in the Christian heritage of hymns and preparation for worship in later years.

Both words and music should be carefully taught. When the hymn has been talked about, and the words repeated after the teacher line by line, the tune may be played through and then sung by teacher and class. When there is no piano or organ, the teacher may first sing the hymn that the children may hear the tune and feel the rhythim.

Children can sing well and heartily only as they are familiar with both words and tune. Therefore all the

hymns should be sung frequently, so that by the end of the year the children will know at least one stanza from each of six hymns. Most classes will know more than this number. In the review it adds to the interest to change the position of the class. The children will like to sing grouped about the piano, opposite the piano or formed in two lines, each line singing a stanza. Ask a child to choose what the class shall sing and help him in his choice. It is well to select a hymn for closing that may be easily learned, and use the same selection for a number of consecutive Sundays, changing for another appropriate hymn as the interest lags. The prayers are to be taught by use, being said reverently by the teacher and gradually learned by repetition. When the prayer is sung, as is often the case, explain its special meaning and try to have that expressed.

Simple prayers for the opening and the closing of the session are given, which may be used throughout the year. Other prayers have been suggested, however, for use in connection with the lessons if desired.

LEARNING THE MEMORY VERSE

To remember texts is not easy for very little children. When the memory verse has a concrete significance it may be recalled by alluding to the story or lesson with which it was connected, sometimes by reminding the children of the way in which the verse was first learned, later in the year by giving a single word of the verse to suggest the rest.

The meaning should be made as clear as possible when the verse is given, then the words should be repeated after the teacher by the children, in unison and separately. Point out the words of the memory verse on the lesson

leaf. Even before children can read at all, the form and place of the words will recall them so that they may be repeated.

USING THE LEAFLET

The leaflet provided each week is intended first of all to be attractive to the child, and to emphasize and illustrate what is taught. It makes also a medium of communication between the school and the home. The first leaflet for each month contains a letter from the teacher to the parents, indicating ways in which the home may reinforce the religious instruction of the school. The lesson-story is summarized on each leaflet, so that older members of the family may be able to question the child about it, see the application of the handwork to the point to be enforced, and give help in teaching the hymns, prayers and memory verses, and in the preparation of any suggested handwork. Such help should be given by encouragement and oversight, never by doing the work for the child.

The leaflet is to be taken home in its envelope each week and brought back the following Sunday. The teacher will then place it in its cover, binding in the appropriate leaflet for the Sunday on which the child is absent. Unfinished handwork on a leaflet will indicate absence and the book will thus show at the end of the year the attendance of the pupil and the complete series of lessons.

THE DAY'S OFFERING

A part of each day's exercise is the collection of the offerings from the class. The contributions of little children have, to them, little point or purpose apart from the valuable habit of giving. It is well to explain to them

for what their contributions are to be used, having previously decided on a suitable purpose. Any cause having to do with children or any purpose within the comprehension of the class is by preference to be chosen. To do something for a baby or for a little child or for a group of children is a practical service for little people to render.

The collection of the children's offering may be made a formal part of the service as in church, with some one chosen to receive it, after which the class may sing "All things come from Thee, O Lord, and of Thine own have we given unto Thee," or "Of every man that giveth it willingly with his heart, I will take his offering."

AN ORDER OF SERVICE

THE best results are obtained by following the same general order of exercises each Sunday, varying it as particular lessons or as conditions seem to require. The following is offered as a suggested order, based upon the experience of the authors.

QUIET MUSIC
OPENING HYMN
PRAYER
NATURE TALK
HYMNS, OR NATURE SONGS
OFFERING
LESSON-STORY
MEMORY VERSE
HANDWORK
CLOSING HYMN
CLOSING PRAYER

SEPTEMBER

Theme for the Year: LOVE AND SERVICE

Theme for the Month: LOVE IN THE HOME

I know the lands are lit
With all the autumn blaze of golden-rod,
And everywhere the purple asters nod
And bend and wave and flit.

Helen Hunt Jackson

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE MONTH'S LESSONS

THE significance of the lessons for the month is expressed in the quotation on the leaflet from Oliver Wendell Holmes, "Where love is, there is home." The thought to be emphasized is that it is love which makes the child contented and happy, whether that love is found in one place or another, whether it is between parent and child, or brother and sister, or teacher and pupil.

If the children are too young or are unaccustomed to the use of crayon, provide separate sheets of blank paper for free expression and turn later in the year to the color work provided for this month.

For the quiet music, MacDowell's "Water Lily" in *Woodland Sketches* is suggested; also "Stockwell" (No. 122 in *Hymn and Tune Book*).

LESSON 1

A SUNDAY HOME

Hymn: "Heavenly Shepherd, True and Holy." (Page 203)

Prayer: Help our hearts to love Thee,
Help our hands to serve Thee,
Help our lips to praise Thee,
Forever. Amen.

For the Nature Talk: Golden-rod and asters.

Memory Verse: Where love is, there is home.

Handwork: Trace outline of church and color, as directed.
Or, paste over outline design a picture of the
home church.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

GUIDE the thought and talk by questions to the beauty of the flowers and our happiness in them whether they are in the field or in the home.

Control irrelevant talk while encouraging free expression. Question about what little children are likely to wish to do when any of the family are going away; if it is always best for children to go with the others and why; who helped the children in this class to get ready to come to school; if mothers help their children on other days; if children could be happy or get along without this care and love; if they could be happy with their parents in a home in quite another place.

The story, "Jesus in the Temple," is introduced to show the desire of another child who wished to go to a place of worship with his family and who also had to wait to become a certain age before going.

A SUNDAY HOME

LUCY'S home was on a hill from which she could look far down the street. She often stood at the window and watched the people who were going to the railway station, and on Sunday she watched Francis and Rosamond when they were going to the church, and wished that she might go with them.

"When you are four you may go," her mother had said. When that time came there was much excitement in the home of these children one Sunday morning, for Lucy could now do as she had long wished.

Each one helped get ready, so that no one should be late, and so it happened that on this first morning all three of the children were in the church school very early — so early that Miss Willett had a chance to talk with Lucy, to admire her red bonnet and coat and to tell her where they should be placed until it was time for her to go home.

A little new chair in the circle was pointed out as Lucy's. Soon other children came. They all seemed very kind and very glad to see the little new-comer in their group.

When it was quiet some sweet music was played. The children sang, and repeated some verses they knew, and sang again, and then Miss Willett told them a story. Would you like to know what it was? I will tell it to you.

A long time ago a little boy who lived far from here wanted very much to go to a great city where his father and mother went every year to attend a celebration in their church. They called their church a temple, and Jesus, the boy who had wished many years to go, was told that when he was twelve he, too, could go to the temple.

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That seemed a long time to wait; but at last the year came, and he was going! For days he thought about it, getting more and more anxious to start.

When the time came, not only the family of Jesus, but many other families were going to the great city, so there was pleasant companionship all the way.

They rode on camels or on donkeys or walked, mindful of those too old or too young to go fast or far. Several days were spent on the way. They slept on the ground at night and at noon they rested, and friends and neighbors talked together and watched the children at their play.

At last the city was in sight and soon the temple was seen shining in the bright sunlight. How glad they all were! Some dropped on their knees and said prayers. Others hastened on.

The little boy Jesus did not stop now to look at a new flower by the wayside or to talk, but walked steadily on toward the city.

At last they were really in the city, and then in the temple itself. Can you not imagine how Jesus looked at everything — at the high rooms, at the steps and large pillars, and at the many learned men who were in the temple? Do you not suppose he asked many questions about all he saw? And was he not very glad he had been allowed to come?

When the day came to go home, the father and mother of Jesus started off with many who were going home too, thinking, of course, that their boy was with the others in the company. But when a little later they inquired where he was, nobody could tell them. They looked and looked, and not finding Jesus, they went back to the city and inquired of all whom they met if they had seen a lost boy.

Then remembering how much Jesus had talked about the temple and how much he enjoyed it, they went there to look, and sure enough, there they found him. He was very busy talking with the learned men whom he saw there and asking questions of them and sometimes telling them what he himself thought.

His parents were rejoiced to find him, but Jesus seemed surprised that they had looked so long, for he said, "Why! didn't you know I would be in my Father's house?" He meant that he loved that place so much that, of course, he would be in the temple.

That was the end of the story Miss Willett told the children. Lucy remembered almost all of it and told it to her mother that night.

"But hark! There is the music of the organ," said Miss Willett. "It is time to go to see the people in church." So into a little room the children quietly went, and to a window that had a broad seat. Here Lucy and the other little children sat and listened to the hymn of praise the people sang and to the minister who blessed them. Then they went home.

Lucy ran home as fast as she could, to tell Mother, who was waiting for them at the door, all about the morning.

"Why, Mother," she said, "we were told the nicest story and we sang something that I could sing and we had just the happiest time! It is almost like home, Mother, the people are so kind. Is it a Sunday home?"

"Yes, my child, if you will make it so," her mother said, and always after that Lucy called the church her Sunday home.

Don't you think that is a good name for it?

THE CLOSE OF THE LESSON

The various other teaching exercises and devotional elements indicated in the Order of Service (page 26) should follow the story. They are:

- Teaching the memory verse.**
- March, motion song, or other activities, and handwork.**
- Putting leaflets in envelopes to take home.**
- Quiet music, for return to circle.**
- Closing hymn.**
- Closing prayer.**

The last moment of the hour should be made as quiet, impressive and devotional as possible.

These are general directions which apply to all the lessons. They will not be repeated in the lessons which follow.

LESSON 2

JOSEPH AND HIS FATHER

Hymn: "Praise Him." (Page 204)

Prayer: May we, Thy children, happy be
In loving all and serving Thee.

For the Nature Talk: Milkweed pods.

Memory Verse: (As in Lesson 1).

Handwork: Cut and fold paper tents.
Free drawing of tents.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

SHOW the beauty of the covering for the silky filaments and seeds inside. The pod is the home of the seeds until it breaks and the seeds fly away.

Notice in the story that the details given are those that point to the gift as an expression of the love of the father for his son, of the son for his father, and the recognition by the brothers of this love. In telling it follow the form here given as closely as possible. Introduce the story by referring to our own homes which we love because of the people in them, by speaking of the coats worn by the children and provided by loving parents and by noticing the colors of the garments. Make a point of willing service as a loving gift.

JOSEPH AND HIS FATHER

JOSEPH and his father and brothers lived a long time ago. Their home was in the country where Joseph's father had lived when he was a boy, and their relatives had lived there too. So Joseph and his father cared very much for their home.

They did not live at all as any of you live, for their home was not in a house but in a tent. When Joseph's father wanted to move to a place where there was more grass for his sheep and cattle to eat, it was easy to fold up the tent, put it on the back of a camel and find a new place for their home.

Although these people lived far away and long ago, and dwelt in tents which were moved from place to place, the father loved Joseph just as your father loves you; and he showed his love for his boy as your father would show his love for you.

He gave him something — something that Joseph liked. It was a beautiful coat. None of the other sons had one like it, and it was so bright and gay with its many colors that it pleased the lad very much.

Of course, Joseph would wish to give to his father something to show his own love for him. He could not buy anything or have any gift made for his father, but he did willingly whatever his father asked him to do, which was a finer gift than any he might buy.

Once when the brothers had taken the sheep to a distant pasture, their father wished to hear from them and to know if all was well with them and with their flock of sheep. "Here am I," Joseph said, which meant, "I am ready to

do as you bid me." So his father sent the son to find out all about the brothers and to bring back word of them.

This was a long journey, and it was not easy to find the brothers and their flocks; but Joseph inquired of a man who directed him which way to go and at last he found them.

The brothers saw him coming a long way off. At first they could not tell who he was, but as the figure came nearer and nearer, they saw it was Joseph, for he wore the coat of many colors, the love-gift of their father.

Then Joseph told his errand. He inquired for each one, and for the sheep and cattle, and as they talked the brothers felt, "Our father loves us — but this lad with the bright coat he surely loves dearly, and how he trusts him, or he never would have sent him to take this journey alone."

LESSON 3

MIRIAM, THE FAITHFUL SISTER

Hymn: "Something Happy." (Page 205.) Review hymns in Lessons 1 and 2.

Prayers: Opening prayer in Lesson 1.
Closing prayer in Lesson 2.

For the Nature Talk: Cat-tails and rushes.

Memory Verse: The words of the hymn:

"Every morning seems to say,
'There's something happy on the way,
And God sends love to you.'"

Handwork: Model cradle from plasticine.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

SHOW the beautiful color and the softness of the cat-tails and how easily birds and animals may hide among them when they are growing. Tell where they grow.

The story today is about a little baby who was hidden in tall rushes. Ask in what very little babies are sometimes placed to sleep; whether children sometimes help in the care of little ones in the homes. Explain that it is not enough to provide for children food and clothing, they must be saved from danger also.

MIRIAM, THE FAITHFUL SISTER

ONCE there was a dear little Hebrew girl whose name was Miriam. She had a kind father and mother who loved her very dearly, and a little brother Aaron, too, who was quite big enough to play with her. Such happy times they had all day long in that sunny country!

Just as this story begins, a dear little baby had come to live in that home. Every one was so glad! Father and mother thought he was the most wonderful baby in the world, and Miriam loved him so dearly that she used to make little songs about him which she would sing as she watched him in his mother's arms.

Pharaoh, the king of the country in which this happy family lived, was a cruel king and did not like the Hebrew people. One day he sent his soldiers out telling them to take all the little boy babies they could find in the homes of the Hebrews and throw them into the river.

Oh, how sad those mothers were! Miriam's mother hid her little baby brother in the house and the soldiers went right past the door, never knowing there was a baby there. Later the king sent the soldiers out again, telling them to look carefully and see if they had overlooked any little one. But Miriam's mother had been very busy since they had come before; she had been making a little basket of strong sweet grass to use for a cradle for her baby. When she heard the soldiers were coming again, she covered this basket all over with pitch so the water could not get into it. Then she put the baby inside and hid it in the tall reeds near the bank of the river, telling Miriam to watch and see that nothing harmed him.

Miriam was glad to do this, for she liked to play by the river, the soft green grass felt cool to her feet and the reeds were so tall that they shaded her from the warm sun. She soon found a place by the river where she could sit and watch the cradle as it floated in the water.

Just watching such a dear baby was a joy, and Miriam was very happy; but when he went to sleep, she began to think of other things, and forgetting what Mother had said, she began to run around picking the beautiful flowers which grew near by, and racing with the golden butterflies as they flew from flower to flower. After a while she grew tired of this; she knew there were other little children playing in the field beyond the river and she did want to run away to them, for they could really play, much better than a sleeping baby could. Suddenly she remembered what Mother had said and remembered, too, that her baby was dearer than all of the other children together, and she ran back to her seat by the river.

The day was nearly over when Miriam saw a beautiful woman and her servants coming down the path to the river, and she hid quickly in the rushes near the baby, wondering what would happen.

The princess, King Pharaoh's daughter, had come to the river to bathe, and when she saw the queer little cradle floating on the water she said to her servant, "Bring me the basket which I see in the water." The maid brought it to her, and as she lifted the cover the baby stretched up his arms and smiled. The princess smiled, too, as she said, "It is a little Hebrew child which has been hidden from the soldiers. He is so beautiful, I cannot let him stay here and be drowned. I will take him home and call him my own child. His name shall be Moses, which means 'taken out,' for have I not drawn him out of the water?"

Then Miriam, who watched everything they did, ran up

to the princess and said, "Shall I not find a Hebrew woman to take care of him for you?"

The princess was glad to have her find some one, and Miriam ran home to tell her mother what had happened and to lead her to the princess. So the princess gave the baby to his own mother, telling her to take care of him until he was old enough to come to the king's palace and live with her.

Oh, how happy the dear mother was as she went home with her baby in her arms and her little daughter by her side! Don't you think she was proud of Miriam who had helped to save the baby for his home and his country?

LESSON 4

THE LOVING FAMILY

Hymn: "Happiness." (Page 206)

Prayers: "Help our hearts to love Thee" and "May we, Thy children, happy be."

For the Nature Talk: A spray of maple leaves.

Memory Work: (Review of the month's work).

Handwork: Color initials in printed prayer.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

REFER to some maple tree that the children may see, — to its beauty of shape and of color. Children may play in its shade, have a swing from its branches, a seat about its trunk. A tree is our good friend.

The story today is about some children who had trees in their yard, and about a little cousin who came a long distance to visit them. Who has ridden alone on a train? Who takes care of little people who are travelling alone? Ask how we sometimes feel among strangers; if it makes any difference to us if they are kind or not; what children call something they know but "will not tell." The story is about a secret.

Have the children color the house red and the tree green if they can do so without destroying the charm of the picture which tells the story as it is.

THE LOVING FAMILY

By Rose Brooks

ALLAN MARTIN'S mother had been so ill that she would need a whole long summer to rest, the doctor said. So one day, Allan's father took him to the station and put him, in the conductor's care, on a train to New Hampshire, where he was going to spend the whole summer with Aunt Margaret.

"Now be a man, and just sit still in this seat till the conductor tells you to get off. Mother thought you couldn't go alone, but I knew you could. You'll be there in two hours, and Aunt Margaret will meet you at the station. Be a good boy, and that will help Mother to get well."

Allan felt pretty lonesome when Father had gone, but as soon as the train started he felt very happy to be traveling alone, just like a grown-up. He didn't feel very happy, though, about going to Aunt Margaret's, even though Father said it would be the best thing that ever happened to him. How could it be the best thing, he wondered gloomily. It was certainly hard, sometimes, to know what Father meant. Of course, there would be the four cousins to play with, but he hadn't seen them for a long time, so long that he couldn't remember them, and how did he know that he would like them? And hadn't he heard Mother say often, "Poor Aunt Margaret! Think of those four lively children, and not a person to help her!"

Allan couldn't quite imagine a house without servants. Who did everything? And what sort of things would he get to eat?

It didn't seem long before the conductor came to help him off, and just the second he jumped off the last step a pretty lady ran up and kissed him hard, as if she was very glad he had come. Allan looked at her, puzzled. You see, he didn't remember Aunt Margaret because he hadn't seen her since he was a baby, and this pretty lady, all in white summery clothes, didn't look like anybody's "poor Aunt Margaret."

"Are you Aunt Margaret?" he ventured timidly, when he and the pretty lady, whom he had begun to like very much even in a few minutes, were settled in the little old buggy, driving the fat, brown horse up the steep, shady road that led out of the white village.

"Why, of course, dear! Didn't you know?" laughed Aunt Margaret. "Wasn't I stupid! I was sure you were *you*, and I never thought that maybe you wouldn't know *me*! Will you drive, please?" she added, giving the reins into Allan's hands. "When I have a big man or a little man with me, I like to be driven."

Allan liked to drive,—don't you? And by the time he and Aunt Margaret and the fat, brown horse drew up in front of the little, shady, red farmhouse where Aunt Margaret and the four cousins came to spend every summer, he felt that the summer might not be so bad after all.

Uncle Dick, who came up from the city for every week end, was waiting for them under the big maple tree and lifted Allan out, telling him cheerily how glad they all were to see him. And Allan knew he really was glad, just as he had known at the train that Aunt Margaret was glad. The four cousins were a little bit shy at first, but they all came and shook hands and helped carry in his bags.

"Come into the kitchen, dear, and see all the good things these good children of mine have got ready for us to eat, while I went off to meet you," Aunt Margaret called gayly.

Allan followed her through the low, cool living-room into the quaint, sunshiny kitchen. On one end of a big white table were three loaves of bread, all crusty brown,— and what did Aunt Margaret do but cut off the end piece and give it to him, with butter and cinnamon sugar on it!

“You see,” explained Aunt Margaret, “I left it in the oven, and the boys kept the fire going, and took it out when it was done. And see, they’ve picked and shelled peas for us, and washed potatoes ready to bake,— and I wonder what is in this pail, so carefully covered?” She peeped under the napkin, and then cried delightedly, “Oh, you dear, good children! What a fine surprise you did get for us!” Smiling faces were peeking in the kitchen door, and Aunt Margaret rushed across the room and gave each face a kiss.

“You’ll have to give Father a kiss too,” piped little Ruth, “‘cause he found the patch, and picked most of anybody.”

Allan peeped into the pail, too, and saw the biggest, juiciest wild strawberries! Did anything ever smell so spicy good? Didn’t his mouth water! And Aunt Margaret was saying excitedly,

“We’ll have our first shortcake, and there’s cream enough to whip!”

Allan scampered upstairs to his clean little room, a much happier little boy than he had been for a long time. He began to feel very glad that he had come, and wondered why everything felt so good in this little house. Could it be just that Aunt Margaret was so pretty? No, he knew many other pretty ladies, but he hadn’t ever felt so happy, right away, in their houses. Well, he must hurry and change his clothes and get back downstairs.

On the porch he found the four cousins busily setting the table, while Uncle Dick read in the hammock and

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Aunt Margaret sang happy little songs in the kitchen. Even little Ruth, who was only four, was trotting around putting spoons at each place, and, to his own surprise, Allan began to wish he could help too.

“Isn’t there anything I can put on?” he asked.

“Of course! Here, you put around the tumblers, and then come with me and get the water,” said Malcom, who was almost seven, just Allan’s own age. And off they went to the pump in the woodshed, and Malcom explained proudly,

“You must pump about twenty-seven times before it’s cold enough. Mother likes it cold.”

Such a dinner! Allan felt ashamed when he remembered that he had wondered whether he would have enough to eat.

After they had finished every scrap of shortcake, Allan felt as if he had never known before how good things could taste. When they finally rose from the table, Allan started to saunter off to the big shady trees, but he suddenly realized the others weren’t coming, and looking back, he saw Uncle Dick and all four cousins flying around clearing the table, while Aunt Margaret had curled herself up comfortably in the hammock with a book. And the funny part was that Allan hurried back, hoping they hadn’t noticed that he had started off, and began to help too. He was a little bit clumsy, but he felt happy all over when Aunt Margaret smiled at him and said, “Helping too? What a kind boy!”

All that day, and during the days that followed, Allan had many surprises. Aunt Margaret was almost always busy, but she had time to be kind, and she always seemed to expect, as a matter of course, that everybody else would be kind. Afternoons, under the big trees, she read them such wonderful books, — all about the things they saw

around them every single day. No fairy stories could be half so wonderful as the stories she read them of the birds and trees and flowers and animals and all the fascinating insects. And the queer part was, Allan thought to himself many times, that Aunt Margaret never nagged the boys, never reminded them every day to fill the wood-box and sweep the porch, and do all the other things. They seemed to want to do everything they could, to save her just as much work as they could. "Daily duties," that he had always heard so much about, turned out not to be bug-bears after all. He couldn't make it out, but he was a very happy little boy, and after a week or two he felt very proud when Aunt Margaret said,

"You can set the table just as well as my boys can!"

How they all looked forward, during the week, to Uncle Dick's coming on Saturday, and how many things they saved to show him, and how many questions they all remembered to ask him! Uncle Dick was always so glad to get there! And Aunt Margaret seemed happier than ever when he was at home.

One night, when Aunt Margaret was tucking him in his narrow, clean little bed, Allan's arms went suddenly around her neck, and he whispered shyly,

"I like to live with you, Aunt Margaret." Aunt Margaret's eyes looked so happy and pleased, and she whispered back,

"Do you really? I'm so glad! Why do you, dear?"

"Because I feel happy, inside, all the time," confided Allan.

"I'm going to tell you why you are happy," said Aunt Margaret, sitting beside him on the bed and patting one of his brown little hands, gently.

"It's a secret, a secret that Uncle Dick and our three boys and little Ruth and I have found out, and though

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you've found it out, too, you don't know quite what it is. You see, Allan dear, we all of us in this family really love one another, and we like to be happy all the time. And we've found out — and we call it our Big Secret — that when each one does things just to make himself happy, we are all unhappy, but just as soon as each one thinks of the others, we're all as happy as, — well, as happy as the meadow larks that sing on the fence posts of our meadow. I never heard anything sound happier than they do, did you? You felt, when you first came, that we were happy, — do you remember? And now you know every bit of the secret that we found out. The secret does not make just this one little family happy, it will make every family happy."

"Will I be happy always, if I learn the secret?" asked Allan in a grave little voice.

"Yes, dear, you are learning it very quickly, and you are happy, aren't you?"

But even Aunt Margaret, who knew so many surprising things about boys, didn't quite know what a happy little boy Allan was as he drowsed off to sleep, saying softly to himself,

"It's lots easier to be a good boy when people just expect you to be good, the way Aunt Margaret does."

OCTOBER

Theme for the Year: LOVE AND SERVICE

Theme for the Month: LOVE IN OTHER HOMES

When on the breath of Autumn breeze
From pastures dry and brown
Goes floating, like an idle thought,
The fair, white thistle-down,
Oh, then what joy to walk at will
Upon that golden harvest hill.

Mary Howitt

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE MONTH'S LESSONS

THE four lessons for the month emphasize how love is shown by animals. The bird-parents' love for their young; the love of the dog for the friendless kittens; the care of the birds for their unfortunate comrade; the peril risked by the brave mother-cat to save her young are all illustrations of love in other homes. The lesson-subject furnishes excellent opportunity for the teacher to illustrate further, by citing instances which she has personally known.

The quiet music for the month may be "Consolation" from Mendelssohn's *Songs Without Words*, or "Berlin" (*New Hymn and Tune Book*, No. 271).

LESSON 5

OUT OF THE NEST

Hymn: "O Little Birds. (Page 207)

Prayers: (Those given for Lessons 1 and 2).

For the Nature Talk: A bird's nest.

Memory Verse: He guides me and the bird.

Handwork: Model a nest with plasticine.

Color text.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

BRING a bird's nest to show the beauty of the shape and the soft lining. Notice how it is made, and point out the fact that only a bird can make such a home.

Ask where birds build nests; who takes care of the eggs; how birds are fed; when they leave the nest; what any one in class would do if he should find a young bird that could not fly.

If a nest is modelled, make it rather small, rolling a ball between the palms and then making the hollow with thumb and fingers.

OUT OF THE NEST

BY MAUD LINDSAY, in *Mother Stories*¹

ONCE upon a time a mother-bird and a father-bird built a nest in a tree.

It was made of straw and leaves and all sorts of wonderful things, and it even had lace trimmings on it.

Soon after the nest was finished the mother-bird put two eggs in it, and then she and father-bird thought of nothing but keeping those eggs safe and warm.

Mother-bird sat upon them day and night; and even when father-bird would say, "You really must fly about a little and let me take care of the eggs," she did not like to leave them.

After a while two little birds came out of the shells, which was just what she had been hoping for all the long time. The baby-birds were both so weak and small that they could do nothing at all for themselves but open their mouths very wide and call, "Peep, peep! Mother dear, peep!" Mother-bird and father-bird were busy all day getting them something to eat.

By and by they began to grow, and then they had soft feather clothes to wear, which are the best clothes in the world for baby-birds.

Mother-bird said to them one day, "You are almost ready to learn to fly;" and then they felt very large.

That same day mother-bird and father-bird flew away together to get something for dinner; and while they were gone, the little birds heard a very queer noise which

¹ By special arrangement with the author, and courtesy of Milton Bradley Co., publishers.

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seemed to come from a pond near their tree. This is the way it sounded: "Kerchunk! Kerchunk!"

"Oh! what can it be?" said the sister-bird.

"I'll peep over the side of the nest and see," said her brother.

But when he put his head out he could see nothing, although he heard the sound very plainly: "Kerchunk! Kerchunk!" Then he leaned out a little farther and a little farther, till his head was dizzy.

"Peep, peep! You'll fall!" cried the sister-bird; and, sure enough, she had scarcely said it before he tumbled out of the nest, down, down, to the ground.

He was not hurt, but oh, how frightened he was! "Peep, peep! Mother dear, peep!" he cried.

"Peep!" cried the sister-bird up in the nest; but the mother and father were too far away to hear their calls.

The brother-bird hopped about on the ground and looked around him. He was near the pond now, and the sound was very loud: "Kerchunk! Kerchunk! Kerchunk!"

"Peep, peep, peep!" called the birdie; and in a moment up hopped a big frog.

This was an old school-teacher frog, and he had been teaching all the little frogs to sing.

He hopped right up to the brother-bird. "Kerchunk! Kerchunk!" said he. "How can I teach my frogs to sing when you are making such a noise?"

"Peep, peep! I want my mama," said the baby-bird.

Then the big frog saw how young the birdie was, and he was sorry for him.

"Come with me," he said, "and I will teach you to sing."

But the baby-bird only cried louder than ever at this, and a mother-dove, who was singing her babies to sleep in a neighboring tree, flew down to see what could be the matter.

"I can't begin to get my children to sleep in all this fuss," she said to the frog; but when she saw the little bird, she was just as sorry as the frog had been.

"Poor, dear baby," she cried; "I will fly right off and find your mama for you." So she told her children to be good and quiet, and then away she flew.

Before long she met the father and mother, and they all flew back in a great hurry.

Then they tried to get the baby-bird into the nest again.

"He's entirely too young to be out of the nest," cried his mother, "and he must get in again at once."

"Spread your wings and fly as I do," said the father-bird.

So the baby-bird spread his wings and tried to fly; but try as he would, he could not reach the nest in the tree.

"Put him into my school and I will teach him to swim," said the frog; "that is better than flying, and a great deal easier to learn, I am sure."

This was so kind in the frog that the mother-bird thanked him; but she said that she had to be very careful with her children and that she was afraid the water might give the little bird a cold.

While they were talking, they heard somebody coming along, whistling the jolliest tune.

"Dear me! Dear me!" cried the bird. "There comes a boy!"

"He's apt to have stones in his pocket," said the frog.

"He will carry my darling off and put him in a cage! Oh, fly! fly!" begged the mother-bird. But before the baby-bird even had time to say "peep!" the boy came in sight.

Then the father-bird flew over the boy's head and the mother-bird down in front of him. The frog croaked and the dove cooed, but none of them could hide the little bird from him.

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"If you hurt him I'll peck your eyes out!" cried the poor mother, who hardly knew what she was saying; but the boy picked the little bird up, just as if he did not hear her.

"Oh! what shall I do?" cried the mother-bird.

Then the boy looked at her and at the baby-bird and up in the tree where the nest was.

"Coo, coo, coo! I think I know what he's going to do," said the dove.

"There's no telling," croaked the frog; and they all watched and wondered while the boy put the bird in his pocket and began to climb the tree.

He swung himself from branch to branch, climbing higher all the time, until at last he reached the pretty nest where the sister-bird waited for her mama to come home.

Mother-bird and father-bird flew to the top of the tree to watch the boy.

"Suppose he should take her, too," said the mother-bird. But what do you think he did? — Yes, indeed! He put the brother-bird back in the nest, as well as the mother-bird could have done it herself.

"Thank you! Thank you!" sang the mother and father as the boy scrambled down again.

"Peep, peep! Thank you!" called the little birds from the nest.

"Coo, coo! I knew," cried the dove.

"Kerchunk! Kerchunk! I should like to have him in my school," said the frog as he hopped away to his pond.

And that is the end of my story.

LESSON 6

A BRAVE MOTHER

Hymn: "A Prayer." (Page 208)

Prayer: The words of the hymn:

" Make us brave, without a fear;
 Make us happy, full of cheer;
 Sure that Thou art always near,—
 Hear us, O our Father."

For the Nature Talk: Autumn leaves.

Memory Verses: (The hymn, and the verse for the month.)

Handwork: Trace outline of maple leaf, and color.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

CALL attention to the beautiful color, the smooth surfaces and the form of the leaves. Show how to hold the leaf flat while carefully tracing its outline. Suggest further leaf-tracing for home work.

Lead up to the story by asking what is done to put out a fire when a house is burning; what tells us that there is a fire; by whom people are taken from a burning house. Speak of the great fear of fire that animals have, and how easily pets may be overlooked when houses are burning and people are rescued.

Talk about the happiness and contentment of the kittens in the picture. Use time gained by this short story for reviews.

A BRAVE MOTHER

CLANG! clang! went the fire bells, and almost immediately the fire engine came tearing down the street, warning everybody to get out of the way, and saying as plainly as an engine could, "I am in a great hurry! There are lives to save!"

The crowd immediately came together about the burning house. The smoke and flames almost hid it from sight, but those who could get near soon found that all the people in the family were safe, and so they were less anxious, and stood watching the sparks shoot high into the air and listening to the roaring of the fire.

But what is this darting about in the smoke? A living thing? — a person? A very living thing surely, but not a person, for no human being could go where this creature was going. In the midst of all the smoke and flames a frightened mother was running in and out of the burning house, — not to save her own life, but to save the lives of her dear little ones.

She brought one in her mouth and laid it at her master's feet, as if begging him to take care of it while she fetched the rest. Then she went to get another. Three times the brave little creature went where no man would venture, that she might save her children's lives, and each time she looked up into her master's face as if to say, "This is not all."

The people who stood by tried to prevent her from plunging again into the burning mass, but she could not forget that her fourth baby was still left behind, and she struggled out of the hands of those who held her.

Again she ran among the embers, but in another instant the mother cat — for a cat it was — returned almost exhausted, bringing the remaining kitten. Not a moment too soon she came, for a big beam fell with great force on the threshold she had just crossed. But the frightened mother, singed and wild-eyed, had saved her little ones, and no more contented family could be found anywhere than this happy mother and the frisky kittens that came through the fire, saved by the mother's love.

LESSON 7

HOW THE BIRDS HELPED THISTLE GOLDFINCH

Hymn: (Review. "O Little Birds," page 207, is especially suitable with this lesson.)

Prayer: We thank Thee for our home and friends,
For day and night, for sky and sea;
But most of all for Thy great love
We give, dear Father, thanks to Thee.
Amen.

For the Nature Talk: Thistles.

Memory Verses: (The verse for the month.
The words of the prayer.)

Handwork: Fill in outline, and color the bird.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

REFER to milk-weed seeds and silky filaments. The thistle seeds also fly about. Notice the beautiful purple or pinkish color. Ask what creatures feed on seeds; how a bird could get at the seeds of the thistle. Tell the children of the particular bird that likes the thistle seeds, and his name. (Thistle goldfinch alights on the thistle and gets the seeds by burying his bill deep down in the flower.)

Ask what birds do when cold weather is coming; if all go south; where those stay who do not go to a warmer place; what trees in the woods make warm shelter for the birds that stay.

It will add to the interest of this story if the teacher will sketch the outline of a thistle on separate sheets for the children to color at home.

HOW THE BIRDS HELPED THISTLE GOLDFINCH

IT was winter, and the ground was white with snow even under the tall, dark pines in the great woods behind the farmhouse where little Barbara lived.

But the birds were glad, for their feather coats were warm, and they sang all the sweeter as they flew from tree to tree. What cared they for the snow? Were not the meadows full of seeds? So the Robin still sang his cheery trill, and the downy Woodpecker hammered "Rap-atap-atap! rap-atap-atap!" until the woodside rang with their music.

"Chickadee-dee-dee-dee! chickadee-dee-dee-dee!" Down flew Mrs. Chickadee to a wide spreading branch of a great pine tree. "Chickadee-dee-dee, do listen to me!" and all the birds came flying down to the branch on which she was resting. "What can it be?" said the downy Woodpecker. "Is it a party?" — "And you want us all to come!" chirped the Robin.

"Just listen to my story," said Mrs. Chickadee, "for I shall want all of you to help; even little Snow Bunting, who is only a visitor, will find something to do when he hears my plan. Yesterday, as I was flying through the woods pecking at the mosses and dead twigs, I heard a sad little voice singing, "Dear-ie me! dear-ie me!" and there on the sunny side of a branch was a fluffy yellow ball. I hopped very near it to see what it could be, and found that it was dear little Thistle Goldfinch, who used to fly around in the fields and sing so sweetly last summer and all

through the fall. He was so glad to see me, for he had been all alone for many days and was cold and hungry.

"When Jack Frost ran through trees in the fall, Father and Mother Goldfinch had called all the little brothers and sisters together to make ready for the journey to the south, but Thistle begged so hard to stay that finally they all went away and left him. He was very happy for a while, for the days were warm and sunny, but soon it grew cold, and one gray morning Thistle woke up to find the air full of snow-flakes which soon covered the seeds and grass and left no food within his reach. So he was almost starved, and if he cannot find a warm place to sleep in, he will surely die." Mrs. Chickadee paused a minute. The birds were so still one could hear the pine trees whisper. Then she said, "I helped him to find some seeds in a sheltered place under a shrub, and promising to come again, I flew away home."

"All night I have thought about him, trying to find a way to help him through the winter, and this is my plan. We Chickadees have a nice warm home in the spruce trees; there is plenty of room for one more, so Thistle could sleep here all winter. We would let him perch on a branch and then we could nestle close to him and keep him warm." Before she could say more, the Robin said, "We'll share our seeds which are stored in the pine cones." And the downy Woodpecker promised to rap all the harder on the tree trunks and to let the birds know whenever he found a supply of seeds.

"Let's begin right away," said the Woodpecker; "who'll go and find Thistle?"

"I will," chirped the Robin, and spreading his wings, away he flew to the place of which Mrs. Chickadee had told, at the other side of the wood. There he found Thistle Goldfinch singing such a shivery little song. "Cheerup,

chee-chee!" sang the Robin. Then he told Thistle all their plans, and wasn't it a happy little bird that flew back to the Chickadee's home with Robin Redbreast!

The next morning while Thistle was trying to remember the happy song of summer, there was a little whirr of wings and down flew Snow Bunting. The song he sang was a song of joy. "Can you fly a little way?" sang he. "The best surprise of all is waiting for us at the farmhouse over the hill." So Thistle, and all the birds who had been kind to him, spread their wings and followed Snow Bunting who flew over the trees and straight to the door of the farmhouse.

There stood little Barbara in a warm coat and hat with a dish of seeds and crumbs. Such a good dinner those birds did have! and such a song of thanks they sang as they finished eating!

"Come again," said the little girl; "come every day and I will give you some crumbs." "Thank you," sang the Robin. "Thank you, thank you," chirped Snow Bunting. "How kind you are!" sang the Chickadees. And Thistle Goldfinch?

Yes, he remembered his summer song; he sang the sweetest song which ever was heard, for his was a song of thanks to God who loves and cares for every living creature, even for the tiniest little bird.

Retold from "The Birds' Christmas" by
F. E. MANN, in the *Child's World*.
With author's permission.

LESSON 8

LASSIE'S FAMILY

Hymn: "The Willing Heart." (Page 209)

Prayers: (Choose from those already learned.)

For the Nature Talk: Rose branch with hips.

Memory Verse: For are we not God's children all?

Handwork: Color border and initial of text.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

SHOW the smooth, bright, beautiful surface of the rose hips. These are the homes of the little seeds within. Recall the beauty of the roses that the hips replace.

The hymn suggested with this lesson may be used to follow the taking of the children's offerings. A hymn already learned may be sung for the opening.

If a child's clothing is caught on the briars of a rose it is hard for him to get away. Could a little kitten free itself from a tangle of rose briars? Ask who in the class has a dog; if any one knows the name of a dog's home; what a dog can do to help. Some dogs are very kind to other animals and to people. The story is about such a dog.

LASSIE'S FAMILY

LASSIE was a big collie dog who was a pet of every one in the family. She stayed in her kennel at night; but in the daytime she would go to school with the children, or sleep on the piazza, or watch beside baby's carriage. In every way she showed her friendliness. She would even sniff kindly at puss who sometimes came to share a meal.

But something happened one day that made a difference to Lassie, and this was what occurred.

Constance, Lassie's mistress, was coming up the hill toward her house one night, when she heard a faint little "mew, mew" from the side of the road.

She stopped and listened, and again came the feeble cry. Stepping carefully to the bushes she drew them aside and there, entangled by briars, were two pitiful-looking little yellow kittens trying to free themselves.

Constance set down her basket and, parting the bushes and briars with her hands, she lifted out the poor little frightened creatures. At first they struggled to get away and then they hid their scared faces under Constance's arm. Constance patted them and then gently placed them in her basket.

Just then Lassie came bounding down the hill expecting to take the basket in her mouth and carry it home, but Constance said, "Lassie, I have something in my basket for you." Then she slowly showed the kittens. "You must be very kind to them and keep them warm and safe and let them live with you." Lassie eyed them a minute as though she didn't quite like the looks of such bedraggled animals. Then she gave a little bark which seemed to

say, "I understand what you want me to do, little mistress. There is plenty of room in my house for these feeble kittens. Bring them along."

So Constance carried the kittens to Lassie's home, first getting a saucer of milk, and after stroking Lassie and patting the kittens, she made the friendly dog know his new care. Then she left them.

In the morning when Lassie did not appear, Constance went to the kennel. There, curled up on the dog's back, were the little kittens, warm and comfortable. Lassie stretched a little, and, looking up to her mistress, seemed to say, "I can't disturb these babies yet to get my breakfast. When they awaken we will eat together."

And so it was that they ate together and lived together, the kittens always sleeping in the soft hair on the back of their new mother. The little kittens had found a good home, and Lassie through her kind friendliness had found a happy family.

NOVEMBER

Theme for the Year: LOVE AND SERVICE

Theme for the Month: LOVE IN GRATITUDE

Talk not of sad November, when a day
Of warm, glad sunshine fills the sky of noon,
And a wind borrowed from some morn of June
Stirs the brown grasses and the leafless spray.

J. G. Whittier

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE MONTH'S LESSONS

THE purpose of these lessons is to show how gratitude grows from kindness; how a stranger in our land learned our custom of celebrating Thanksgiving Day; how animals express their satisfaction and thanks; how food and shelter provided for even a bird brings a song of thanksgiving; how the original Thanksgiving came to be, and over and above all how the great, good and bountiful Giver of all is the one to whom we give thanks.

For the quiet music: "Yea, the Darkness Hideth not" by Mendelssohn. It may be found in convenient form in *A Disciple's Service*.¹

¹ The Beacon Press, 25 Beacon St., Boston. Price 5 cents.

LESSON 9

WHEN PIETRO GAVE THANKS

Hymn: "All things come from Thee, O Lord" (Page 210)

Prayers: (Repeat those already learned, especially the prayer of thanks, Lesson 7.)

For the Nature Talk: Twig of nut tree with burr.

Memory Verse: O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good.

Handwork: Color the basket of fruit.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

SHOW the prickly outside and let the children feel the smooth, beautiful inside of the burr, and the surface of the nut. If a bit of olive wood, or any small article made from it can be procured, the beautiful variegated color of the wood may be shown and interest in the story increased.

The music is again an offertory march and hymn, which is also a prayer for the time of giving thanks.

Ask if any know what a grove is; why children like to play there; if they know that the names of little children in other countries are different from our names; tell the class the name of the little boy in the story. Speak about the difficulty of finding one's way in a place that is unfamiliar.

WHEN PIETRO GAVE THANKS

PIETRO was playing in the shade of an olive grove on a mountain-side away over in Italy. Just below him was a white road, and far below the road the blue water danced in the sunshine. It was a beautiful spot for a boy to play.

As he looked down the road he saw a little cloud of dust in the distance. Soon a motor car moved slowly along the road until it came to a stop. The driver and the man on the seat got out, looked at the car and shook their heads.

Pietro drew nearer. He could see something was wrong, but he could not understand the strangers' talk. Suddenly one of the men turned to Pietro and asked him a question in a kindly voice, but Pietro could only shake his head.

Then the man laughed and patted Pietro's brown curls. He led the boy to the side of the car and pointed to a tank beneath the seat of the driver.

This time Pietro understood. He knew that the tank contained the wonderful fluid that made the car go. The car could go no farther because the supply of wonderful fluid was used up. Pietro's dark eyes shone as he looked up at the man; then in an instant more he was flying up the long slope as fast as his bare feet could carry him.

It was nearly an hour before Pietro came hurrying back. With him was a workman from the shop in the village, who bore a filled can in either hand.

When the strangers were ready to start again, the man slipped some bright silver coins into Pietro's hand, jumped in the car, and calling out gayly to him, waved his hand and was soon out of sight.

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Then Pietro turned up through the olive grove to his little home, where the bright silver coins surprised Pietro's parents even more than they had surprised him.

Pietro thought of what happened that bright day many times during the months that followed. A year later, with his parents and his brothers and sisters, he went over the mountains and sailed in a great ship across the ocean to Boston. He had almost forgotten his long run over the hot road to help the strangers.

When Pietro had lived in Boston about two years, late one afternoon in November he was walking slowly home from school. His heart was heavy. At school he had just been learning the story of Thanksgiving and he had heard much about Thanksgiving celebrations (good times); but he knew there would be none for him, for Pietro's family was large and money was scarce.

Two men passed him and one said, "How this part of Boston has changed! I thought I could take you straight to the Old North Church, but I seem to be getting lost."

Pietro sprang to the man's side. "I know the way!" he cried. "Let me show you! I can tell you all about the church where Paul Revere hung the lanterns."

"We shall be glad to have you show us," the man said.

So Pietro proudly walked before them and led the way to the old church. All the time the man was watching him curiously. "I think you and I have met before," he said at length. "Do you remember me?"

For the first time Pietro looked long and hard at the man's face. Then he cried out, "Yes, yes! I did not see before. You are the man who was in the car that stopped, over in Italy." The boy danced for pleasure because the man had remembered him so long. "See, I can talk with you now! I go to school! I am an American!"

Then the man asked Pietro questions and learned all about his coming across the ocean.

"I want to be your friend. Keep on and study," said the man. "Come and see me once in a while. I will help you when it is time for you to go to work, and I can find work for your father. Tell him so."

He gave Pietro his address, and slipping a bill into the boy's hand, hurried on.

Again Pietro ran home. Not through an olive grove this time, but through a narrow, crowded street.

"See! See!" he cried as he waved the money before the astonished eyes of his parents. "Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving in America for us all."

And so it was that the family's good fortune, which began with Pietro's friendly help to a stranger in Italy, kept on in Boston because of the same friendly help, and they had a real Thanksgiving after all.

Adapted from story by JOHN CLAIR
MINOT, in *Youth's Companion*.
Used by permission.

LESSON 10

LEARNING HOW

Hymn: "Now thank we all our God" (page 211) in preparation for the Thanksgiving service.

Prayers: (Opening and closing, with review.)

For the Nature Talk: An ear of corn.

Memory Verse: Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,
And back of the flour is the mill;
And back of the mill is the wheat and the
shower
And the sun,— and the Father's will.

Maltbie D. Babcock

Handwork: Color the vegetables.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

SHOW the beauty of color and the regularity of kernels in the corn. Notice the soft bed in which each seed is placed.

Ask what animals are fed with corn; who has fed them; who has seen corn growing. Ask about the holiday that is coming. Speak of the ways of keeping it: going to church, family gatherings, happy times with gladness and thankfulness. The question: "For what should we be thankful and to whom?" will bring interesting answers.

LEARNING HOW

IT was the Monday before Thanksgiving Day and Trinette was playing with her paper-dolls by the window in the library. Aunt Natalie and Uncle Dick, who were taking tea with mother, were talking about Thanksgiving Day, telling where they were going and whom they would see, and as Trinette listened she remembered that it had been the same last year. Last year was a long time ago, but she remembered that she had left her dolls then and run over to Mother to ask what Thanksgiving Day was, and why people gave thanks. And Mother had told her that although people said "thank-you" for every gift or kind act, sometimes they met and gave thanks to God for His great gifts to all the world, and that was the day which we call Thanksgiving Day.

"Does every one give thanks?" Trinette had said.

"Yes," said Mother; "fathers, mothers and children all over the state say 'thank-you' on this good Thanksgiving Day."

"But I don't want to say 'thank-you,' I don't feel 'thank-you,'" Trinette had said. Uncle Dick and Aunt Natalie had laughed, but Mother had drawn her little daughter into her lap and had said softly, "Trinette will know better and feel as thankful as any one next year, when she is six, won't she, dear?" And now it was next year; and Trinette was six, and still she truly didn't feel "thank-you" any more than she had last year. What should she do? Just then Father came in, and catching Trinette up in his arms, went over to the table near Mother. "Do you know any little girl who would like to spend Thanksgiving Day

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with Grandma on the farm?" said he. "Mother and I are going to Lenox to-morrow and could leave her at Grandma's on the way and call for her when we came back."

Trinette clapped her hands, for she knew that meant that she was to visit Grandma whom she loved almost as much as she loved her father and mother.

This was why, on that Wednesday evening, after helping Grandma clear away supper and wipe dishes, Trinette, while being made ready for bed upstairs, was telling Grandma all about it.

"You don't say!" exclaimed Grandma, deeply interested. "They couldn't teach you how to feel 'thank-you' in kindergarten?" Trinette shook her head.

"Nor in dancing class?" Trinette shook it again.

"Nor even in Sunday school? I declare!" cried Grandma, with a wondering shake of her head. "Well, then you'll just have to go about with me to-morrow and take a few lessons from the farm folk. We'll have to look sharp, too, so's you'll know enough to feel thankful on Thanksgiving Day."

She heard Trinette say her "Now I lay me," tucked her snugly in and then, just for that once, because the room was new and strange to her, sat with her until she fell asleep.

All Grandma's pets had their breakfasts before Grandma herself sat down to hers, and it was while fetching milk for the kitten and water for the bird and window-plants that Trinette had her first lesson.

"Now watch Muffins," suggested Grandma when that small pussy, after a hearty meal, first washing both front paws and then his pink nose, rolled himself into a furry ball and loudly purred his satisfaction. "That's the way Muffins shows his 'thank-you's.'"

"Look at Twitters," said Grandma, with a smile, when the elderly canary-bird, after a dozen dips into the food and water mugs, fluttered to his perch and trilled and tremoloed in shrill delight. "That's his way of showing it. And here's my bonny cyclamen," Grandma concluded, carefully watering her favorite plant. "Just stick your nose right in here among the pink and white blossoms and take a long, long sniff. Smells good, doesn't it? Well, that's the way my posies breathe their 'thank-you's.'"

After breakfast, in jacket and tam, Trinette went with Grandma to see the chickens. "Each one," explained Grandma, "after drinking puts back its head and looks up at the sky. That's my hens' 'thank-you.'"

In the barn Dan and Dobbin turned away from their overflowing manger to look at Grandma and give her a happy whinny by way of showing how they felt, while Clover fixed them with a softly solemn black eye and blew a fragrant sigh at them, and outside Rover bounded about and barked, and wildly wagged his heartiest Thanksgiving feelings.

"All of them," declared Grandma, quite seriously, "feel, show and say, each in his own peculiar way, that they know how to feel 'thank-you.' Now let's go in and get ready for company."

All the morning long Trinette helped, fetching and carrying for Grandma and saving her steps. The company consisted of four elderly ladies, and after dinner the six celebrators gathered before the open fire, while Trinette sang songs which she had learned in kindergarten. Then, in the early twilight, the little girl sat on her own particular hassock at Grandma's knee while the five old ladies told of former Thanksgiving days.

Somehow, whatever form the story took, the sum and substance of each one was a big, cordial, really-truly

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“thank-you,” until Trinette felt this same warm Thanksgiving spirit enfold her little heart too.

Suddenly there were steps and a knock at the front door, and when Grandma opened it there stood Father and Mother who had come to spend the evening and the night with their little daughter at Grandma’s!

“Come in, dearies!” said Grandma. “Come in! How glad and thankful I am you’ve come to help us keep Thanksgiving!”

But Trinette ran to her mother with arms outstretched. “Oh, Mother, Mother!” she cried. “I’ve learned how to feel ‘thank-you,’ Mother! I learned it this morning, Father, just in time for Thanksgiving, and I learned it from everything on Grandma’s farm!”

Adapted from story by KATE HUDSON,
in the *Christian Register*. Permission
of author and publishers.

LESSON 11

A LONG-AGO THANKSGIVING

Hymn: "Now thank we all our God" (Page 211)

Prayers: "We thank Thee" (Lesson 7) and "All things come from Thee, O Lord" (Page 210) sung as a prayer.

For the Nature Talk: Basket of fruit or vegetables.

Memory Verse: Now thank we all our God,
With heart and hands and voices;
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices.

Handwork: Model some familiar fruit or vegetable.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

BRING a basket of fruit or vegetables to be given away after the class to some one chosen. Arrange the contents of the basket for the best effect and notice the beautiful browns and reds, the yellows and purple, and the texture of the skins.

Ask what harm is done to plants by Jack Frost; if vegetables and fruits are frozen; how we can get food. Perhaps Jack Frost may not spoil the plants in other countries; may we not send away for food? We are today giving thanks. How may we help others to be thankful?

A LONG-AGO THANKSGIVING

ONE night after supper the children and their grandmother were sitting before the fire ready for their good-night story.

"Tell us about Thanksgiving, Grandma," they said, "a long-ago Thanksgiving."

"The long-ago Thanksgiving was a very real one," said Grandma. "When I was as little as you, my grandma used to tell me of the very first Thanksgiving, and I think you ought to know that same story. So I am going to tell it to you.

"This country, you know, was not always peopled with white men. Indians lived here. After a time there came a ship from England with white men and women who had come here to make their home. They planted corn in the spring, but the frost killed it, and although they had brought much food with them it was almost gone.

"Each day for a long time these people had expected that a ship would come from their old home bringing them the food they so much needed. They were very careful of their small supply, and they watched and waited and grew very anxious.

"The men could hunt and get game to eat; but they must have bread. Would the ship ever come?

"The children, too, used to look for the ship, and sometimes they saw something that seemed like a sail, but which proved to be something else.

"One day some children were playing when one called to the others 'See! Look away off yonder!' The children looked and waited a little to be more sure and then ran as

fast as they could go to tell their people. 'The ship is coming! The ship is coming!' they called as they ran. And sure enough, what looked at first like a speck grew larger and larger till they were all very sure it was a ship. Yes, it was their ship, for it was coming right toward them.

"Now there was great joy. They would have news from their friends whom they had left behind in the old country; they would greet the friends who were on the ship, but best of all, they would have food, and neither the children nor the parents would starve!

"Was not this reason for giving thanks?

"So all the people came together and gave thanks to God for all his goodness. Everybody was glad. They invited their friends and their families to come to dinner and very fine dinners were prepared. They all enjoyed this day, and the next year when the frost did not spoil their corn and they had plenty to eat, again they met together and gave thanks to God for His love in sending all they needed.

"Now every year the President of the United States tells the people to meet the last Thursday in November and give special thanks to God for His goodness to His children.

"Do you see now why we keep Thanksgiving?"

LESSON 12

THE THANKFUL ROBIN

Hymn: "Now thank we all our God" (Page 211)

Prayer: (Select from those learned.)

For the Nature Talk: Spray of woodbine, bitter-sweet or any shrub with berries.

Memory Verse: Seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.

Handwork: Color robin, berries and leaves.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

INTEREST the class in the shades of color in the berries of the woodbine, or bitter-sweet, or barberry. Notice how the yellow capsule of the bitter-sweet has opened and how it shows to the birds its red seed vessel. See how the red barberries shine, and how beautiful is the spray in the vase.

Ask where the birds can gather food when there is snow over the ground; if a bird might like to go into a house in winter and why; when a bird hears others singing what he himself is apt to do. How can we help feed the birds?

THE THANKFUL ROBIN

ONE year about Christmas time a great snowstorm covered all the fields and hills, putting white coats on the trees and little white caps on all the seed-pods as they stood on their tall plant stems, swaying in the wind.

It was very cold, but the children liked it. It was fun to make snow men and build snow forts; and no matter how hard the wind blew nor how cold it was, there was always a warm place for them in their snug warm homes and food for them when they were hungry.

But out-doors in the cold a poor Robin Redbreast was shivering in the snow, and oh, he was so hungry! It seemed to him that he hadn't had anything to eat for nearly a month. Every grain of corn in the barnyard was buried under the snow, people forgot to throw out crumbs, and the seeds and berries that were his food in the coldest weather were so thickly coated with ice and snow that he couldn't even crack them with his bill. When it came night, he had no warm corner to hop into while he tucked his head under his wing, and poor Robin was so cold and hungry and miserable that he couldn't even chirp.

One very cold night he perched on the ivy at one of the windows of the great church. He had seen little children going in and out, all day, with their arms filled with Christmas greens; last of all, after the children had gone home, some men had carried in a wonderful tree which they placed in the most prominent place of all and made it beautiful for the children's surprise.

After a while every one went away and Robin tried to make himself comfortable for the night. As he sat swaying

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on his perch, he saw a little spot of light bobbing up and down in the distance,—coming nearer, too, it seemed to be, and Robin hopped down to see what it could mean. It was the sexton with his bright shining lantern who had come back to see if the fires were all right to leave for the night, and as he opened the door to step inside, the wind and snow and a poor little shivering robin went in too.

But the sexton never knew. He banked the fires and went home, leaving Robin alone.

Oh, how warm and quiet it was! Robin tucked his head under his wing and went to sleep on an oaken rafter.

How beautiful everything looked in the morning. It was like a great forest, big and green and beautiful. Little Christmas trees were banked against the wall and great masses of holly hid the pulpit. Robin could hardly believe it was true.

“Chirp! Chirp!” he cried, and flew from rafter to rafter. What a wonderful place to wake in! Just then he saw the red berries. “Chirp! Chirp! I wonder if they are good to eat! I think I’ll try one!” said he, and down he flew right into the most beautiful spray of holly. Oh, how good they tasted to a hungry robin! And there were so many! Robin flew from festoon to wreath and ate until he was tired, and then he flew up to the rafter for another nap.

While he was sleeping the children began to come in again. They were coming to sing their carols at an early service, and soon the church was filled with happy children. Then the organ played and they began to sing.

Robin woke up and watched everything quietly from his perch. He felt warm and happy, he liked the music; in fact he began to feel like singing too.

In the midst of the second verse he broke in. High and clear and sweet he sang, and the children looked up amazed.

The minister raised his hand and the organist and the children were quiet, wondering and listening.

Robin was singing a solo now; he threw his little head back and sang and sang, while the happy children listened. He finished his song with a joyful "Chirp! Chirp!" and all was still.

"Children," said the minister, "this little bird sings because he is grateful to the Heavenly Father who cares for all, and who knows even when a sparrow falleth. Let us thank Him, too, in our carols for this happy Christmas." And the air was filled with children's voices singing their song of praise to God for His great kindness. The robin had taught them how to give thanks with all their hearts for the love and care which surrounded them.

Adapted from the poem "Robin's Christmas," printed many years ago in a miscellaneous collection called the *Christmas Eve Series*, published by McLaughlin Bros.

DECEMBER

Theme for the Year: LOVE AND SERVICE

Theme for the Month: LOVE IN A GREAT GIFT

All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And, clasping kindly hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

James Russell Lowell

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE MONTH'S LESSONS

THE joy centering about the festival of the Christ child's birth and the spirit of good will should receive the emphasis in the month's lessons. Kind acts and loving words now more than ever fill all minds and hearts, and in special connection with these is the thought of the great gift of the Christ child.

The quiet music suggested for the month is "He shall feed his flock" from *The Messiah*, or "Silent Night."

LESSON 13

THE SILENT NIGHT

Hymn: "Silent Night." (Page 214)

Prayer: Our Father in heaven, we thank Thee for the Christmas time. May the spirit that was in Jesus be in the hearts of all Thy children.

For the Nature Talk: Evergreen.

Memory Verse: Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men.

Handwork: Cut stars from gold paper and paste below the hymn as a border.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

SHOW how the evergreen with its beautiful freshness makes us glad at the time when other plants are dried and dead.

Ask why sheep may stay out of doors in the cold nights; who takes care of them. Tell of the shepherds' warm cloaks which they wrap about themselves when they sleep out of doors; of the dogs who help the shepherds. Tell the story as it is written and try to express the stillness described in the second paragraph.

The section of the Introduction on "Handwork" offers suggestions for Christmas.

THE SILENT NIGHT

LUKE 2: 8-21

ONE night long ago some shepherds were out in the field with their sheep. All day these men had been moving from place to place while their sheep were feeding, taking care that none of them was hurt or wandered too far away. And now that night had come they were glad to lie down on the ground to rest. Wrapped in their big cloaks, they were soon asleep. But not all of them slept. Some of the shepherds must keep awake, for night and day the sheep and lambs must be guarded.

The night was very still. The sky was dark, but the stars were shining. A tiny curl of smoke arose from the ashes where the fire had been. A little spark would now and then snap from the coals, and the shepherd dogs hearing it would stir and turn nearer to the warmth. A lamb would make a little cry as it moved nearer to its mother. There were no other sounds. The shepherds who watched were still.

Suddenly the men were much startled, for all about them there shone a wonderful light. Its glory filled the place and dazzled the eyes of all with its brightness. The shepherds were much afraid, but a voice said to them: "Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good news of a great joy which shall be to all people; for there is born to you this day in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ, the Lord. If you search and find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger, you will know that it is the Christ child."

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Then the shepherds heard many voices singing and the music was more beautiful than any they had ever heard. The voices sang, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men." Over and over the song was sung with the wonderful light shining, — and then it ceased. The light was gone and the shepherds were alone. They said to one another, "Let us go even to Bethlehem and see this that has happened."

Hastily they started toward Bethlehem, and they hurried on until they found the place. Cautiously they went into the stable, and in the dim light they saw what they had come so far and so fast to find. There, lying in the manger, was the little Christ child! Joseph, the father, and Mary, the mother, were near, and the shepherds told to them all the story of the beautiful light and the heavenly music. Joseph and Mary wondered at all the shepherds said; but Mary kept all that they said in her heart and thought much about it. "Will my little babe be a joy to all people?" she thought.

And deep in her heart a voice seemed to say that he would be a joy to all who knew him.

LESSON 14

BRINGING THEIR GIFTS

Carol: "Bells of Christmas." (Page 212)

Prayer: (The Christmas prayer from Lesson 13.)

For the Nature Talk: Christmas ferns.

Memory Verse: First Stanza of "Silent Night."
The verse for the month.

Handwork: Make Christmas bells or trees.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

THE Christmas ferns or any variety of evergreen is brought again for its beauty and cheer. The class will like to make of the evergreen a Christmas token to send to some one whom they shall choose.

We are glad when a little baby is born in our home. We tell everybody about it. If a little baby were born who was to be a king, much more would all people know and talk of it. When we wish to show our love we take gifts to our friends. If the gift is very fine, it is carefully wrapped. These are some of the points the teacher will question about to gain interest and help to make real the story of the event described.

BRINGING THEIR GIFTS

THE news that the Christ child was born was quickly told in all the country far and near. Some wise men in the East had seen a wonderful star in the sky and they went to the king's city to ask where the little babe was of whom they had heard. "People say he is to be king of the Jews and we want to go and worship him," the wise men said.

King Herod was troubled when he heard this, and all the people in the city were troubled; but they did not know where the babe was. The king called the priests together and asked them where it was said that this child should be born who was to be king. The priests said, "In Bethlehem." So Herod spoke privately to the wise men and asked them when the star appeared which they had seen, and they told the king all they knew about it.

"Go now to Bethlehem and search until you find the child, and then come back and bring me word of all that is said of him. I, too, wish to go and worship him," said King Herod. The wise men listened to the king and then went on their way, and the star went before them moving in the sky. At last it stopped. The wise men rejoiced, for they felt sure that they would find the babe.

It was just as they expected, for they went into the house and there found what they had come so far to find. Mary, the mother, must have wondered to see the men kneel down before her child. Tenderly they touched the little hand as Mary held the babe for them to see. Carefully and joyously they unrolled the treasures which they

had brought as gifts to this, their new king. All the gold and all the precious gifts they laid down before him to show their love and their joy that the Christ child was born.

Then they went away quietly, that they might not disturb the baby who was now sleeping. But they did not go to the king, for God told them to go to their homes another way, and they went, happy indeed that they had found the wonderful child.

LESSON 15

THE FIRST JOURNEY

Hymn: "Silent Night," and the Carol. (Pp. 212, 214)

Prayer: (The Christmas prayer, Lesson 13.)

For the Nature Talk: Holly with berries.

Memory Verse: (Review those for the month.)

Handwork: Color the motto on the separate sheet as a Christmas card.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

RECALL the berries used in other lessons. Are these as bright and beautiful? Notice the shiny leaves. Give a spray to each child.

Ask if the children remember about a lesson in which a little boy baby was hidden in a cradle in the water; why this was done. Tell them that harm was coming to the little babe of whom our last lesson told. Ask what the children would do if they were not safe in any place. The parents of Jesus went away with him because of what the king had said. Tell how people travelled long ago.

THE FIRST JOURNEY

WHEN the wise men went to their home and did not return to King Herod and tell him where the babe was, the king was very angry.

How could he find the babe? For find him he must. He was not willing that any one except his own son should grow up to be king. After thinking about it, Herod sent out an order that all the boy babies in the country about Bethlehem, who were two years old or less, should be killed. In this way he thought he could prevent Jesus from growing up to be king as the wise men had said.

But what the king planned did not happen. Joseph, the father of Jesus, dreamed one night that he must take the young child and his mother and go at once to another country. The voice seemed to speak so plainly to him that he arose and with Mary and Jesus quickly started away in the night so that no one could see them. The voice had said, "Herod, the king, seeks the young child's life."

A long and tiresome journey they found it, although Joseph made everything as comfortable as he could for Mary and the baby. They rode on a donkey, Joseph travelling by their side with a stout stick in his hand to aid him in rough walking. After resting at night on their blanket on the ground they would start early in the cool morning, rest during the hot noontime and travel on again in the cool evening. So they went on and on until at last the country was reached where they were to make their home, and a story says that even the wild animals and birds they met on this long journey were kind and friendly because they felt the love of the little child.

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After a time the voice spoke again to Joseph in a dream and told him that King Herod was dead and that it would now be safe to go back to their own country to live. How glad they felt at the thought of going home again! Joseph and Mary could see their old friends once more, and Jesus, their little child, could grow and learn to play and to work in their old home!

But Joseph did not yet feel wholly safe, for when he heard who was king instead of Herod he said at once, "We must go among friends in another place." The voice that had spoken to him before told him to go to Nazareth to live, and Joseph obeyed the voice.

So at Nazareth the little boy grew up, becoming stronger and wiser each day and filled with love for those around him.

LESSON 16

THE NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE

Poem: "Who comes dancing over the snow?"

Hymn: (Select from those learned.)

Prayer: (As learned.)

For the Nature Talk: Frost, ice, snow — real, or picture.

Memory Verse: Ring out the old, ring in the new.

Handwork: Color bells in line print.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

If location permits, go to the window to see the beauty of the frost, the snow, the ice. Otherwise use the picture of the "Little New Year."

Ask what are in the belfries of churches; why bells are rung; if their sound is always the same; which bell that the children know has the sweetest sound; if any one has heard a chime of bells, and what the chimes tell us. Speak of the custom of ringing bells at midnight, at the close of the year, to welcome in the new year.

THE NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE

By ANDREA HOFER PROUDFOOT

ALL the year round the three great bells of the village spoke to each other, back and forth from belfry to belfry, nodding and swinging. Each had but one word to say and he said it over and over, asking and answering in the very same tone.

One would throw himself up into the air and hang there, trembling all over, his great tongue quivering, waiting for the answer from his neighbor with the shining brass sides that hung in the tower across the little stream; and then from far down the valley would peal forth the ring of the third great bell, — all this while the first one was waiting for his turn to speak again.

These bells hung and swung far above the heads of everybody in the village. They had but one thing to say and one way to say it, but since the people did not understand, it did very well, and every one loved these three brothers and never even questioned what they meant.

Though they did not speak in the same tone they were of the same mind, and even when they spoke together they did not jangle in the least, but sounded so sweetly, especially in the ears of the children, who always stopped and looked up. Whenever they spoke together thus they told that a little child was born somewhere in the village, some one had a little new brother or sister, and so the children smiled. And when the year was born perhaps that was why the ringing brought them such joy.

“Hark, hark, the bells!”

Every one in the village awoke at twelve o'clock on New Year's Eve except the children, for out on the night there poured the rich clanging of the bells.

All the grown people got up, peered out of the window, saw the clear sky and the ocean of stars, then they wished each other a very sleepy "Happy New Year," saying that they hoped it would bring some good with it, and back they went to sleep again.

But the children did not wake up,—they dreamed on and on under their coverlets; perhaps some of them turned over or stretched themselves, but not a single one opened an eye. Wasn't it strange?

But when the frosty light of the morning poured over the houses from out the blue sky, every single child in the village started out of dreamland, and such dreams as they did tell! From one end of the village to the other every household, where there were any children, heard wonder-tales that could scarcely be believed. They told of having seen flower-beds right out in the snow, and of music and lights all over everything. They told of children with the happiest faces, laughing and playing and dancing and singing.

What had come to all the little ones? The wise people of the village were all puzzled, for no one, not even the old sextons who pulled the ropes, had noticed anything strange in the ringing.

There were many old men and women in the village who had heard the bells for years and years, and they did not know as much about their meaning as the little folks, and how they all wondered at the dreams that came to the children on that New Year's night.

This must have been the way it all came about: A beautiful friend who had told the children stories and taught them wonderful things had asked each to watch for the

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message of the New Year which comes after the Christ child's birth.

Every child that was loving and helpful and trusting would hear on the eve of the New Year a wonder-tale, and don't you see, each child went to sleep that night waiting and watching for it, and it had to come. If the grown people had done the same it would probably have come to them, too, but they are often too busy to hear and see even the most beautiful things. We are glad that children are not.

The bells have a really deep story to tell that very few have ever guessed, and what they tell seems easier for the children to understand than for grown folks; it is about the childhood of the year.

The song that the New Year sings through the lips of a bell is something like this, if we put it into words that the ears can understand:

"Good people, awake,
And list to the bell:—
Begin with the year
To know that all's well."

Listen! and perhaps on New Year's Eve each one of us may hear the happiest greeting, so that the next day when we call out "Happy New Year" to every friend we meet, there will be so much joy in it that they will be gladder than they ever were before.

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JANUARY

Theme for the Year: LOVE AND SERVICE

Theme for the Month: LOVE IN NATURE'S MESSAGE

Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward!

Robert Browning

I saw the pines against the white north sky,
Very beautiful and still and bending over
Their sharp black heads against a quiet sky . . .
. . . and I was happy, being glad of you,
O pine tree and the sky!

Rupert Brooke

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE MONTH'S LESSONS

THE message of nature that comes through the stars and sun and moon, through the snow and frost is a message of love. Try to lead the thought to the great Goodness that sends the beauty and light to the world.

The music suggested for the month is from Beethoven's "Second Symphony." It will be found in *A Disciple's Service* under the title "God of the light, at whose command." Or "St. Agnes," number 68 in the *Hymn and Tune Book*, may be used.

LESSON 17

THE STARS AND THE CHILD

Hymn: "For the Beauty of the Earth." (Page 215)

Prayer: We thank Thee for the million eyes of heaven that look down on us at night; but most of all we thank Thee for Thy love.

From "Prayers" by *Theodore Parker*

For the Nature Talk: Cones on a spray of pine or fir.

Memory Verse: The heavens declare the glory of God.

Handwork: Color border and initials of prayer text.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

LET the children notice the beauty of color of the cones and arrangement of the scales, and show them where the seeds are at the base of the scales.

It will be desirable to teach with this lesson both the short memory verse and the words of the new prayer.

Ask if the children can tell when one is happy and good; how they know; whether the stars seem to be looking at us and speaking to us. They are our far-away friends. The story today is about these friends and their joy at the news of the birth of a loving child. A loving child means more happiness for all the world.

THE STARS AND THE CHILD

BY ANDREA HOFER PROUDFOOT

LONG, long ago — so long that even the old gray hills have forgotten — the beautiful stars in the sky used to sing together very early every morning, before any of the little people of the world were up. Their songs were made of light, and were so clear and strong that the whole heaven would shine when they sang.

One morning, as the stars sang and listened to each other, they heard a beautiful music coming swiftly toward them. It was so much louder and sweeter than their own that they all stopped and listened and wondered. It came from far above them, from out the very deepest blue of the sky. It was a new star, and it sang an entirely new song that no one had ever heard before.

“Hark, hark!” the stars cried. “Let us hear what it is saying.”

And the beautiful star sang it over and over again, and its song told of a lovely babe that had come on earth, a babe so beautiful that it was the joy of the whole world. Yes, so beautiful that when you looked at it you saw real light streaming from its face.

Every little child in the world has light in its face if we but know how to see it; but this little one had so very much that its mother wondered as she looked down upon her lap and saw it there. And there were shepherds there to look at the babe, and many other people saw it and could not understand.

But the one beautiful star knew — yes, it knew all about it; and what do you think it knew? Why, that this child was God's own child, and it was so good and loving that the whole world when it heard of it would want to know how to be so too.

This one beautiful star travelled on and on, telling all the way what it knew of the child, and its light fairly danced through the sky, and hung over the very place where the little one lay.

All the stars in the heavens were puzzled. They heard the song of the wonderful star that had come such a long, long way, and saw its brightness.

The words of its song were, "A loving child, a loving child is on the earth."

And as they listened, these stars all looked down to find the child, but they could not see so far. And the strangest part of it all was, they could not sing their old songs any longer, the sweet new one was so much more beautiful, and so they sang that: "A loving child, a loving child is on the earth."

It is said that although they did not find the beautiful babe of which the great star sang, they are still seeking and listening and waiting. Every quiet evening they look down upon each little child, right down into each little heart, and ask, "Is this the child that is really loving?" They peep out of the sky just as the dear little babes are being tucked into bed, and down they peer, right into the windows.

That is why the stars come just at bedtime, for then they know where they can find the loving child. It is in its dear mother's lap, the light is shining in its face most of all, for it laughs up into the sweet eyes, and love seems all over everything. The stars know, for they have watched for many long years.

And when they do find a truly loving child, a child with
a shining face, a trusting heart and gentle ways, they
shine out brightly and sing with joy over and over again,
"A loving child, a loving child is on the earth."

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LESSON 18

HOW THE MOON HELPED

Hymn: (Select from those learned.)

Prayer: For sister moon and for the stars do we give Thee
praise.

For the Nature Talk: A bowl of partridge berries.

Memory Verse: (The words of the prayer.)

Handwork: Color space blue, and cut and paste moon.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

KEEP the partridge berries during the month. Notice the beauty of the berries and that they grow in pairs, companions for each other. Tell of the soft bed of moss in which they grow under the shelter of the great trees of the forest.

Talk about the things that we can see which cannot be reached; about the uses of the wind. Ask if any one has been alone on a trolley ride; if any one has been sent a long distance to do an errand; if any one has taken care of brother or sister when doing an errand. The moon seems to say, "I am watching over you. I am your good friend."

HOW THE MOON HELPED

THREE was once a little boy who wondered and wondered about the things he could see but could not reach. Sometimes it was about the stars that twinkled and shone so bright in the dark sky at night; sometimes about the moon with its clear white light. Again he wondered at the pure feathery snow that covered the brown earth like a soft white blanket, or at the wind that bent the shrubs and tall trees so that their branches nearly touched the ground.

Mother had told him that God made the moon and stars, the snow and rain, and had given each one of them some work to do to help His people.

Edward could not quite see how they could help, but he knew that Mother was always right, and again and again he would ask for stories of the wind, the moon and the stars, until he learned to know and love them as his friends.

One day he was playing with his kite in the great field behind the house when he heard his mother calling, "Edward, Edward!" He wound up his kite string quickly and ran into the house.

Such a surprise Mother had for him! "Father and I think you are big enough to go to the village," said Mother, "to get the corn meal to make into a cake for baby's breakfast. Would you like to go?"

Would he like to go! He could hardly wait to have his hair brushed and his tie straightened, he was so anxious to start.

"Be sure to take the five o'clock car so you'll be home in time for supper, and take good care of Allan," said Mother as she helped them on the electric car, for Allan,

Edward's little brother, who was just five years old that day, was going too, — a birthday ride!

It was a beautiful ride, through the open fields and shady green woods, and all too soon they came to the village. Edward knew where to leave the car, for he had been there before with his father, so he helped Allan to step from the car, and holding the basket between them, they went to the field where the farmer was at work.

"Can we buy some corn meal to make a cake for baby?" said Edward.

"I have no meal," said the farmer, "but you may have some yellow corn which the miller will grind into meal for you."

So the basket was filled with yellow corn and the farmer told them where to find the miller. The children thanked the farmer and carrying the basket carefully, went down the hill to the mill.

"What is this?" said the miller as he saw the two boys coming through his gate with their carefully guarded basket.

"Will you please grind this corn so the baby can have a cake for breakfast?" said Edward.

"Oh, yes," said the miller, "if the wind will blow and turn my mill," and Edward wondered just how the wind could help to turn the mill. He watched the miller as he set the fans of the windmill to catch the wind, and before he knew it, the busy windmill was turning the stones, and the corn was ground into meal.

"Thank you, miller," said Edward, "and thank the good wind, too, for helping to grind the corn for baby's cake." Then the children started for the car. When they reached the car line, the five o'clock car had gone and two little boys were nearly three miles from home, with no car coming for two hours! That would be long after supper time, and it would be quite dark.

Mother had said to come on the five o'clock car and would expect them before dark. What should they do?

"I know," said Edward: "we're big boys and the basket is small; we'll walk." So away they went, following the car-track as it wound its way through the village streets, then on through the open fields until it turned to go into the woods. Edward remembered that there was a shorter way across the fields to his home which he had walked one day with his father, so he led the way and Allan followed, for the path was narrow and hard to find.

After a time they came to the woods, which seemed very dark after the light of the open fields. Even Edward, who was eight years old, began to wish that he was safe in his own home; but he remembered that there was a tall dark wood near his house, and he tried to cheer Allan as they walked along.

"We must be nearly home," said he, "for don't you remember the tall trees back of our house? And you remember, too, there was blue sky above our trees just like this, don't you, and gray squirrels running around on the branches just as these squirrels are running about?" Yes, Allan did remember all of these things and went along quite contented expecting to see his home through the trees any minute.

They had walked for some time when suddenly Allan ran forward and grasped Edward's hand. "Oh, Edward," he cried, "our blue sky! it's gone!"

Edward stopped and looked through the tree tops; only gray sky was in sight, and that was very dark. "And our gray squirrels have gone, too. And I am so tired," sobbed Allan. Edward swallowed a big lump in his throat, for he knew that he had lost his way and that it would soon be too dark to see anything. Mother had trusted him to take care of Allan, who was a little boy and had never

walked so far before. They must rest for a few minutes, at least, so they sat down on a big flat rock. "Let's wait here," said Allan, "till Father comes with his lantern."

In a few minutes Allan was sound asleep, but the big brother sat very straight and still, with his eyes wide open. "I'm not afraid," said he to himself; "I know we are near home and that Father will find us when he comes from his work, but I do wish it wasn't quite so dark!" Soon the wind began to blow in the tree tops, and he noticed that it seemed to be lighter, when suddenly the branches parted and there was the great round moon and a path shining and bright with the moonlight!

"Oh, Allan, the moon!" called Edward joyously, "the moon will show us the way!" And when Allan opened his eyes, there was the moon shining clear and still through the branches of the trees.

"My moon! It's my own moon!" said Allan as he jumped up and clapped his hands, "I saw it from my window last night." And the two boys picked up their basket and pushed their way through the trees to the open field beyond.

Yes, it was their field; the very place where they had been playing with their kites in the early afternoon, and there was Mother standing at the door and Father coming down the street on his way home from the city.

"Oh, Mother," said Allan, as he ran to her wide-open arms, "we were lost in the woods, and the moon found us and brought us home."

"The wind helped, too," said Edward, "for it opened the trees so we could see the moon." Then they told Father and Mother all about the journey, and, as they finished their story, they all turned and looked at the moon as it shone in the sky. Clear and steady was its bright light, and together they said, "Thank you, kind moon, friend of little children!"

LESSON 19

NATURE'S BLANKET

Hymn: (Review.)

Prayer: For the glory of winter, the pure snow on the shrubs
and trees, we thank Thee.

For the Nature Talk: A branch with dry oak leaves, or a live-oak branch.

Memory Verse: (The words of the prayer.)

Handwork: Teacher cover space with colored paper. Children cut and paste snow-flakes, or tear paper to represent snowy hill, and paste.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

THE browns of the leaves, the bark, the leaf-joinings are all interesting. Try to discover if any one knows the name and if he knows where there is a tree, growing, of this kind. See how the edges of the leaves are curled.

Ask what the wind and rain do to the leaves of trees in the fall; if the leaves are all blown off at once; what a blanket is good for; what forms a blanket for the grass and flowers and fallen leaves? The snow is earth's blanket. What does it keep warm?

NATURE'S BLANKET

UP on the old oak tree at the corner of the lane a little leaf still clung. He was very tiny, very brown and very wrinkled; but he still kept a tight hold on the stiff old branch where he had lived all his life.

"Ugh!" he said, as he shivered and clung still closer, "it's going to rain again, I'm sure I felt a drop just then."

But it was not a drop of rain, but a soft, cold something else which nestled wetly down among the little brown wrinkles. The leaf stirred slightly and shivered again.

"What is the matter?" asked a sweet voice.

"I'm very cold," said the leaf.

"Are you? What makes you cold?" asked the little voice.

"I think it is — you," the kind little leaf answered slowly, dreading lest he hurt some one's feelings.

"Oh, no, I'm sure it is not I, because I'm not cold; and if I made you cold, I should be cold, too, shouldn't I?"

"I suppose you would," said the leaf thoughtfully; "but, anyway, I'm not warm as I am in summer time; I'm lonesome, too, up here alone, — that is, I am when you are not here," he added politely. "Who are you?"

"I am a snow-flake. Tell me, what is summer? I never heard about it."

"It's a very nice time," said the leaf, hugging the old tree and drawing his tight edges closer. "It's the time when you are green and soft and warm," he added with a sigh.

"I don't believe we have it up where I live, then," said the snow-flake, "for I never remember being green."

"It is very pleasant in summer," continued the leaf. "I am never alone, for the tree is full of leaves; but they have fallen off one at a time, until only I am left. Every time the wind blows I expect to go, too."

"I should think you'd want to go," answered the snow-flake, "for then you will be with all the other leaves."

"Where would that place be?" said the leaf with more interest.

"Oh, right down on the ground, where you will grow smaller and smaller until you sink underneath where the new grass is sleeping, and where the violets are getting ready to sprout when the warm sun tells them to push their little folded leaves up through the warm earth."

"Is it nice down there?" asked the leaf.

"Oh, yes, very nice, it isn't a bit lonely, and it is nice and sweet and warm; lots of little worms and roots and seeds are there,— and I shall be there, too!" the snowflake answered.

"You there!" exclaimed the leaf; "why, you will make me cold."

"Oh, no, millions and millions of us will be there, piled over you and all the little roots and seeds, and we shall make such a beautiful soft blanket for you that you will sleep and be much warmer than on the tree."

Then a little gust of wind came and took the leaf down, just as the snow-flake had said, down among the other leaves curled tight; and following after the leaf, went the little snow-flake whispering, "I am sent to keep you warm. We are all here, my brothers and I. Go to sleep. We will keep you."

In the morning, about the trunk of the oak tree and all over the ground was a thick blanket of snow, and far down underneath it, sleeping and waiting for the message, the little grass roots and folded leaves were safe and warm.

LESSON 20

THE CHILDREN OF LIGHT

Hymn: "God of the Light." (Page 216)

Prayer: (Use the one in Lesson 7.)

For the Nature Talk: A branch of a pine tree.

Memory Verse: God is light; in Him is no darkness at all.

Handwork: Trace outline of squirrel.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

THE branch of pine suggested shows by its beautiful dark color that many trees of this kind growing close together will make a dark forest. Bring this out by questions.

Ask about little animals that live in the forest; if any one has heard birds singing very early in the morning; if the children can think what wakens them; whether it is pleasanter to stay in dark or in light places. Ask what the sun brings besides light; how we feel when the sun does not shine for several days; who it is that sends light and darkness, warmth and cold.



THE CHILDREN OF LIGHT

BY ANNIE E. POUSLAND

SHINING EYES was a little Indian boy, and he was walking all alone in the deep, dark woods. All day long he had been walking, for his mother had sent him to another Indian village to bring her a skin to dress, and now, with the skin over his shoulder, he was going home.

"I'll just rest here for a minute," he thought, stretching himself under a tall pine tree, "and perhaps a bear will come along, and if he does I'll shoot him with my bow and arrow — and then I'll drag him home, and Mother will be glad to have the meat for supper, and Father will be so proud — but, if it's a little bear, I won't shoot him — I'll catch him and take him home for my own bear — and tame him and — then — I'll —" but then Shining Eyes was fast asleep under the tall pine tree.

After a while he awoke. Oh, how dark it was! Where was he? Where was the campfire? It was always kept burning all night before his bed. Oh, how black, black it was all about him! And he beat the darkness with his hands and called "Mother, Mother!" but no one answered him.

Then he remembered how he had gone to sleep under the pine, and now the night had come. Shining Eyes had never been alone in the dark before. The campfire was always burning in front of his tent, making it light around the camp, and his mother had always been near. So, as he was only a little boy, he began to cry.

"Where are the trees?" he cried. "Where is the sky? I don't like it all black!"

"Hush-sh-sh," said the great pine tree, "I am here. Put out your hand and touch me."

"Oh, so you are," said Shining Eyes, clasping his little arms around the tree trunk. "I'm so glad you're here, Father Pine. But why is it so black? I don't like the dark. Do make it go away, quick."

"Don't cry," said a sharp little voice close by, "and don't be afraid. I'm only a little squirrel, but I heard you telling the dark to go away, so I ran right over to tell you that the dark won't hurt you. I know, for every night I run around in the soft, still dark while I wait for the Children of Light to come and drive away the night."

"Who are the Children of Light?" said Shining Eyes, "and why don't they come now?" But the little squirrels said, "Be quiet, little brother, and let me cuddle on your shoulder, for you make a good resting place and my soft furry coat will make you warm, too." And the little furry squirrel rolled himself up in a soft, warm ball and cuddled down on Shining Eyes' shoulder, and Shining Eyes began to feel better.

"When the Children of Light ride away in their car of gold," said the little squirrel, "the dark stillness of the night comes down over the earth. Then it is that every one goes to sleep and rests after the day's work is done, and the Star Children and the big round Moon shine in the dark sky and watch over the sleeping children until the light comes back."

"But," said Shining Eyes, "I want it to come now."

"Hush and wait," said the squirrel, "soon they will come. Father Pine always sees them first and whispers a word to the nearest bird, who sings the story to all the little wood people, telling them to awake, for day has come."

"Oh, Father Pine, do you see them coming?" said Shining Eyes.

"No-oo-o," murmured the pine, "not yet. Lie still and wait, little brother."

So Shining Eyes was still and waited, thankful that the little squirrel who was so friendly had found him. He remembered, too, that his mother would expect him to be brave and unafraid. Had she not told him that the Great Spirit would always take care of him?

"Ah-h," said the pine suddenly, "the Children of Light are coming. One has just touched my topmost branch with his finger of silver!"

Just then a bird sang soft and sweet; then another, and another.

"Oh, listen!" said the squirrel softly. "The birds always see them from the tree tops, and sing and sing. They are so glad the light has come again."

"But I don't see anything yet," whispered Shining Eyes. "It is still dark."

"Wait, wait, little brother, the pine and the birds always know first, and their song says, 'They are coming!'" And sure enough, softly and slowly the light came down between the branches, and Shining Eyes could see the gray trunks standing all around him.

"Come," said the squirrel, "come to the edge of the woods near the shore of the lake and see the golden car which brings the Children of Light."

So Shining Eyes, with the squirrel still on his shoulder, crept out of the woods and stood quietly on the rocks by the shore of the Great Waters.

"Oh, see the pink clouds!" said he. "The Children of Light must be touching them to make them beautiful. But look! the car of light!"

Then, up out of the sea rose a golden ball, flashing with golden arrows, that touched the gray waters beneath and made a twinkling, sparkling pathway across the sea.

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“Is it not beautiful?” said the squirrel. “This is the way the Children of Light come to make the world bright and warm and glad again. We do not know where they come from nor who sends them, but every day they come to light up our dark forest!”

Then Shining Eyes raised his arms to the sky, and with face radiant with light, said: “Now I know who it is who sends the darkness and the light. It is the Great Spirit who rules the world. Nevermore will I fear!”

FEBRUARY

Theme for the Year: LOVE AND SERVICE

Theme for the Month: GOD'S MESSAGE IN OUR HEARTS

THE FEBRUARY HUSH

Snow o'er the darkening moorlands,—
Flakes fill the quiet air;
Drifts in the forest hollows,
And a soft mask everywhere.

The nearest twig on the pine tree
Looks blue through the whitening sky,
And the clinging beech-leaves rustle
Though never a wind goes by.

T. W. Higginson

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE MONTH'S LESSONS

THE voice that speaks of God's love through nature speaks also directly to each one telling what is right or wrong to do. Encouraging, comforting, guiding, leading, the voice is waiting to speak to him who will listen. The answer of Theodore Parker's mother to her child is the lesson to be emphasized during the month. Let the lessons be approached with confidence in the still, small voice.

The music for the month may be "Vision," by Rheinberger or "Blumenthal."

LESSON 21

THE LISTENING CHILD, SAMUEL

Hymn: "The Still, Small, Holy Voice." (Page 217)

Prayer: Open our ears that we Thy voice may hear. ✓

For the Nature Talk: Twigs with buds.

Memory Verse: (The words of the prayer.)

Handwork: Color border around picture.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

THE space on page 2 of the leaflet is to be filled by a letter written to the home by the teacher. It offers opportunity to send a personal message about each child in his connection with the school.

Find twigs with large buds for the nature talk. Keep them in water for several weeks and watch the growth.

Recall the first story in which we told of a little boy going with his parents to the temple. (Today's story is about other people who went there at another time; about a woman, Hannah, and her little son, Samuel. Ask the children to say these names. In describing the child's going to the temple, emphasize the mother's joy to be able to give her son to help in God's house. Hearing the voice caused no fear. The emphasis comes on listening to the voice and heeding it.)



THE LISTENING CHILD, SAMUEL

THREE was to be a great festival in the country of Israel. All the people for miles around were going to the temple to give thanks to God for His great goodness, and to ask of Him the dearest wish of their hearts.

Fathers, mothers and children,—every one went and every one was happy, for it was in the joyous time of the year, when the birds were singing their sweetest songs and the flowers were showing their brightest colors.

Hannah, who was making the journey with her husband, had no children to bring with her, and when she saw the happy little people playing by the roadside she prayed with her whole heart that God would give her a son, the most precious gift she desired.

And God heard Hannah's prayer, and sent her a son. Hannah was so thankful as she held her baby in her arms that she said, "As long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord, and his name shall be Samuel, which means 'asked of God.'"

As the days and months went on Samuel grew sturdy and strong. When he was old enough to leave his home Hannah took him to the temple, for she had promised that he should be given to the Lord as long as he lived, and Eli, the high priest, had need of a little boy to help him take care of the temple.

Hannah loved her little son and was sorry to leave him in the temple, but she knew he would be taken care of by Eli and that he would learn to do what was right. Once a year she went to the temple to worship, and then she brought him a little coat which she had made with her

own hands, and told him many things about his home, his father and his brothers, and Samuel learned to love his people.

Eli, too, loved Samuel. It made him happy to have a boy near who was ready to come when called and ready to do whatever was asked of him.

All day long Samuel helped Eli to take care of the beautiful temple. He learned to open and close the great gate at morning and night, to bring the oil for the lamp which burned day and night in the inner temple, and at night he slept quite near Eli so that he could watch the light.

Once in the night Samuel seemed to hear some one call, and he jumped up quickly and ran to Eli. "Here am I," said he. And Eli said, "I did not call, lie down again." So Samuel lay down to sleep. Again he heard the voice and again he ran to Eli, saying, "Here am I!" and Eli said, "I called you not, go and lie down." When Samuel came to Eli the third time, saying, "Thou surely didst call me," Eli said, "It must be the voice of the Lord. If He calls again, say, 'Speak, Lord, Thy servant heareth!'"

So Samuel listened, and when the voice called again, he answered as Eli had said. Then the voice told Samuel many things which might happen to the Israelites in the days to come, that Eli's sons, who were wicked men, would never be chosen to take care of the temple, for they had not learned to take care of themselves. A man, wise and good, would be chosen to fill Eli's place.

Samuel waited until morning came, then arose, opened the great door, trimmed the lamp and did all the tasks which had been assigned to him as Eli's helper; then he went to Eli and told him all that the voice had said to him in the night.

LESSON 22

THE STILL, SMALL VOICE

Hymn: "Lift Thine Eyes." (Page 218)

Prayers: (The one learned with last lesson.
Closing prayer from Lesson 2.)

For the Nature Talk: Cedar or juniper branch.

Memory Verse: (The verse for the month, and review.)

Handwork: Color initials of text.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

NOTICE the berries in cedar or juniper for beauty of color.

Bring out the point that any one knowing a place to be dangerous would go away from it. Ask who has heard a thunder-storm, and speak of the difficulty of hearing in such a great noise; if any one has been on a mountain or has seen one. Describe a cave to the children; ask if any one has been in one. Speak of the darkness and the stillness in a cave.

Bring out the thought that a voice speaks in the heart, as it spoke to Samuel and to Elijah and so might be heard anywhere.

THE STILL, SMALL VOICE

ONCE a man of God named Elijah was hurrying away from the place where he lived, as fast as he could go. His servant was with him, but the servant could hardly keep up with his master. There was great reason for this haste. The man of God was fleeing for his life, for the queen had sent a messenger saying that she was very angry and that the man was to be killed by the next day because of what he had done. Do you wonder that he ran away?

So the master and servant hurried on, not stopping until they caine to a certain town where they waited awhile to rest. And here the tired servant remained, but not his master. He pressed on alone another day's journey, and then again he stopped.

No houses, no people were here. Tired and hungry and very discouraged he lay down under a tree, and prayed to God that he might die. What he had done that angered the queen seemed to him right to do, but now his life was in danger and all that he had tried to do had amounted to nothing.

The man of God was alone, and tired, and sad. Presently he fell asleep; but he did not die, for he was awakened by a voice that told him to arise and eat and drink and be strong to go on still farther, to the mountain of God.

This was a long, long journey, but the mountain was at last reached and in it the man of God found a cave. Here was surely a safe place in which to stay and no one would find him. While he was resting here, he still felt sad and discouraged. Here in the darkness of the cave he remembered his long journey, the message of the queen, all that

he had tried to do to help God's people, and his heart grew very heavy. Only God could help him.

Then suddenly something frightful happened. A fearful storm arose. A great and strong wind tore over the mountain. It shrieked and whistled and broke the rocks in pieces and hurled them down the sides of the mountain with a great crashing sound. Then the earth shook and while everything was trembling, roaring peals of thunder echoed over the mountain. Then sharp flashes of lightning lighted up the place, and trees and rocks could be seen piled up one over the other. All was terrible with noise and confusion and danger.

As suddenly as it had come, the storm ceased. Its fury was spent, and in the gentle stillness that followed, the man of God heard a still, small voice.

He covered his face with his mantle, and stepped out of the cave, and listened. "What doest thou here, Elijah?" asked the voice. And the man of God answered, "They seek my life to take it." "Return on thy way," said the voice, "thou shalt still do thy work. Thou shalt help to choose a king and a man to speak for God."

And the man of God went down the mountain and back on his way comforted and strong. His help had come in the still, small voice.

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LESSON 23

WHAT TOLD HIM?

Hymn: "The Still, Small, Holy Voice." (Page 217)

Prayer: We thank Thee for the voice in our hearts that shows us the way in which we should go.

For the Nature Talk: Pussy willows, or red or yellow twigs.

Memory Verse: Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the flowers,
Kind deeds are the fruits.

Handwork: Color tail-piece.

Free drawing of pussy willow.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

LET the children admire the beautiful softness and color of the pussy willows or of the twigs. These may have been gathered and kept in water for a number of days. Ask if any one knows where the willows grow; who has played on the edge of a pond; what live in the waters of the pond.

Describe the little creature with hard spotted shell and ask if any one has seen a turtle; how he moves; if it is fair to strike such a creature.

WHAT TOLD HIM?

WHEN Theodore Parker was a little boy he lived on a farm in Lexington. One fine day in spring when he was not yet four years old, his father was going to a distant part of the farm, and taking Theodore by the hand he led the little boy along with him.

The father had to remain to see about some work and Theodore was sent home alone. On the way he passed a little pond-hole in the field, near which grew a bush covered that day with beautiful red flowers. Theodore went over to look at them. There, under the bush, just on the edge of the water, where the warm sun would shine on his back, was a little spotted turtle.

Theodore had a stick in his hand, and he quickly lifted the stick to strike the little creature; but all at once something checked the small arm, and a voice within him said, clear and loud, "It is wrong!"

The child was so astonished that he held the uplifted stick still in his hand for an instant, then his arm fell to his side and he ran home to his mother.

"What was it that told me it was wrong?" said Theodore to his mother after he told her the story. His mother wiped a tear from her eye with her apron and then took her boy in her arms. "Some men call it conscience," she said, "but I like to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen and obey it, then it will speak clearer and clearer and always guide you right. But if you do not listen, or if you disobey, then it will fade out little by little and leave you in the dark without a guide. Your life depends on your heeding this little voice."

The boy listened to his mother, and still wondering said, "I know now what told me."

LESSON 24

THE WHITE SOLDIER

Hymn: "Lead Us, Heavenly Father." (Page 219)

Prayer: (As in Lesson 23.)

For the Nature Talk: Alder, or any buds or blooms.

Memory Verse: The words of the prayer: "We thank Thee for Thy voice in our hearts that shows us the way in which we should go."

Handwork: Color border of picture.

Paste a small picture of Lincoln on tricolor paper to take home.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

THE beauty of whatever is brought for the nature talk is always the chief point in the opening talk.

Explain about a soldier's monument, what it is, why it is built. Ask who knows of one; what the leader has to do in the march; why one rather than another is chosen to lead a group. Explain that the one who is chosen to lead must first learn to follow; must be dependable. The leader who is kind is a better leader and will have willing followers. How the one who is leader can help; whether it is better to be kind when one is leader.

THE WHITE SOLDIER

BY ADELAIDE NICHOLS

TO the children who played in the park he was the "White Soldier." He stood, a tall, white stone monument, raised above their heads by a series of steps and a pedestal. The children who had studied American history said he was a Civil War hero, but to most of the little people he was just the "White Soldier."

Frederika Francioni had never been to the park before. She did not live near the park; she lived far down in the Italian quarter of the city, where they had fire escapes instead of piazzas and ash cans instead of hedges. On May-day, Frederika's teacher, Miss Curtis, brought all the kindergarten children to the park for a May party. They came in an open car all the way across the city, and they wore wreaths of paper flowers that they had made in the kindergarten, and the leaders carried banners of rose-colored paper in honor of May-day. Frederika was a leader. She felt very proud in the clean, purple calico dress which her mother had just made. Her wreath was of yellow flowers, Frederika's own choice for color. When the car stopped, she swung easily down from the end seat and stood at attention, her banner flung to the breeze, her free hand motioning the descending children to fall into line behind her.

With much scrambling and untangling of banners and wreaths, and much calling for lost lunch boxes, the line was formed, and with Frederika at the head of the girls and Columbus Gumboda at the head of the boys, they entered the park under the kind eyes of the White Soldier.

They looked up solemnly as they approached. Frederika's teacher came forward and called, "Halt!" The flowery lines paused, and at Miss Curtis's signal they saluted the White Soldier, just as they had saluted the flag every morning at school. Then the line broke and the children went running and dancing over the green grass. You could see by the glad little quirks of their feet that the green grass was an unfamiliar luxury.

Miss Curtis saw them scatter with a smile of dismay. It was a great responsibility to have twenty children so far from home for a whole May-day. She called Frederika.

"Now, Frederika," she said, "I depend on you to see that the girls behave like ladies today. They can play till lunch time and then we'll meet under this tree to eat. Now run and have a good time, and remember, you're a leader!"

"Yes," said Frederika, her black eyes shining. As she turned away from Miss Curtis, her eye fell on Louise Corracio, who sat under a tree, stripping the shoes and stockings off her brown legs. Frederika sped toward her.

"Lou!" she screamed, "you ain't no lady. You don't ought to take off your shoes in the park." Louise looked up through her locks of black hair and grinned.

"You ain't my boss," she said.

"I am, too, your boss!" shouted Frederika. "I'm the leader, and Miss Curtis said I should make all the girls act like ladies, and ladies keeps their shoes on. Put them on."

Louise laughed naughtily and called to Rita Angelo, "Frederika says she's my boss." Rita came swinging up.

"Oh, you're a boss, are you?" she taunted. Frederika stamped her foot. "I'm the leader," she maintained.

"Well, you don't boss me by stamping your foot," cried Louise, springing up and rolling her stockings into a ball.

"I'll tell teacher," raged Frederika.

"Do, if you dare!" cried Rita, seizing Louise's hand and dragging her off.

"Mean thing!" shouted the leader after them. But left alone, she was ashamed to tell Miss Curtis how she had failed in leadership. Across the grass she saw Miss Curtis gently urging Louise to put on her shoes and stockings. Frederika's heart grew yet more sore. Miss Curtis was taking charge of the children because they didn't mind Frederika. She wanted to be leader, and Miss Curtis was doing all the work instead of letting her do it. She slunk away behind the pedestal of the White Soldier. The little steps attracted her. She decided to climb the White Soldier. When, at last, she pulled herself up to the white marble shoes of the Soldier, her purple dress was draggled, and her stocking was torn. Her wreath had fallen off and lay like a tribute at the foot of the pedestal. She sank down wearily at the Soldier's feet and leaned against his legs, watching scornfully the ring of children playing on the grass below. Their song sounded very far away; the sun on the white stone dazzled her. She seemed to feel him move a little behind her, and looking up she saw the Soldier shifting his gun into his left hand so that he might lay his right hand on Frederika's head. Frederika did not seem surprised. She smiled up at him enviously. "I wish I had your gun," she said.

"Why?" asked the Soldier, leaning toward her, curiously.

"So I could shoot Louise and Rita for not minding the leader."

"Who is the leader?" said the Soldier, and his voice was very deep and interested.

"I am," said Frederika, throwing out her chest.

"What did you do to make them mind?"

"I stamped at them and I despised at them, but" —

a lump came into her throat — “they didn’t care what I did.”

“I guess you’re not a very good leader,” said the Soldier quietly. “Now my leader was very, very different.”

“Prettier?” asked Frederika.

The White Soldier laughed. “He wasn’t pretty at all. He was a man not very young. He was tall and awkward, and wore clothes that wrinkled. His hair was never very smooth, but his face, when you learned to know it, was the face of the greatest leader in the world.”

“Did they mind him?” asked Frederika.

“In the end they always did.”

“What’d he do to ‘em?” Frederika’s voice was eager.

“He never worried when they said unkind things about him, and he never talked back.” The little girl at his feet hung her head, remembering her quarrel with Rita. “He did not win obedience by force, but by kindness. He was not discouraged when he failed, and when people disobeyed him once, he always gave them another chance.”

“Who was your leader?” said Frederika in a low voice.

“The greatest of Americans.”

“I’m an American,” said Frederika, proudly.

The White Soldier looked down at her brown skin and her shining black pigtail and smiled. “I’m glad you’re an American,” he said, “and you’re a leader, too? Well, you couldn’t have a better model for an American leader than mine was.”

“Is he dead?” asked Frederika.

“He lived long ago,” said the White Soldier, “when they freed the slaves.”

In Frederika’s face dawned a new light. “Why, your leader was Abraham Lincoln!” she cried.

“He is!” said the Soldier, and with his white hand he took off his white hat and stood with his head bowed.

Frederika bowed her head too. When she looked up, the Soldier had his hat on again and his gun was back in his right hand.

"Oh! how I wish I had your gun!" breathed Frederika.

"Why?" asked the Soldier, and his voice sounded worried, as though he feared she hadn't learned her lesson even yet.

"So I could give it to Rita Angelo, — for a forgive present." The Soldier did not answer, but as Frederika looked up into his still, white face, she thought she saw him smiling.

Only yesterday when I saluted the White Soldier as I passed through the park, I saw the smile still on his face, and I knew he was remembering the little girl who had learned to be a leader.

MARCH

Theme for the Year: LOVE AND SERVICE

Theme for the Month: NEW LIFE—NEW LOVE

Our life is a gift, and the Giver
Can withhold himself from none;
The fount gives itself to the river,—
The fount and the stream are one.

Charles Gordon Ames

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE MONTH'S LESSONS

THE awakening of new life in the world brings with it new gladness, new love in our hearts. No effort has been made to connect the thought of immortality and of the resurrection as usually conceived with this season, but rather to emphasize the returning life and gladness in the world and the renewed love and joy in the heart. These are eternal and immortal.

Music for the month may be "Spring Song" by Mendelssohn, or "Hamburg," number 37 in the *Hymn and Tune Book*.

LESSON 25

SPRING'S BIRTHDAY PRESENTS

Hymn: "With Happy Voices Ringing." (Page 220)

Prayer: Praise Thee for brother wind, for air and clouds, for storm and fair weather.

For the Nature Talk: Crocuses, snow-drops, or arbutus.

Memory Verse: (The prayer.)

Handwork: Color border and initials of text. Free drawing of grass and flowers.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

NOTICE the delicate, beautiful color and fragrance of the spring blooms. Ask the children to bring others on succeeding Sundays.

Ask about the season that is just passed and what season is soon coming. What is growing under the dead leaves? Refer to lesson on "Nature's Blanket." Show the short stems of crocus or snow drops. Explain that the earliest spring flowers bloom close to the ground. Speak of the sweet odors of flowers which the wind brings, their message to tell us that they have bloomed and have come to make us glad. In the free drawing use crayola to represent the brown earth and tiny spots of color for the spring flowers.

SPRING'S BIRTHDAY PRESENTS

BY ADELAIDE NICHOLS

TO Anne winter was the season when you had a snow fort, spring was the season when you jumped rope, and summer was the season when you went to the sea-shore. Of these, spring was the shortest and most insignificant. There seemed little time between the melting of the last dirty ring of snow where the fort had been and the packing of trunks for vacation. Somewhere between times, she knew, the flowers came out and the trees grew mysteriously green overhead. The gardeners raked last autumn's leaves away, the dear little crocuses appeared and the grass grew green. But between going to school and jumping rope and making her dolls new clothes, Anne did not have much time to notice these things.

In the spring when Anne was eight, she went to the country for her Easter vacation. In the country lived her grandmother with Anne's youngest aunt, who they said was not strong enough to live in the city. Anne loved her youngest aunt, for she was almost as little as a little girl and very pretty, with a pale face and blue eyes and brown, blowing hair. Also, she was, for a grown-up, very good at pretending.

When Anne's train got to the station and Anne was jumped down from the platform by the jovial conductor, the first thing she saw was Aunt 'Livia. She was standing on the platform all wrapped up in a brown cloak with a pointed hood. Her eyes simply danced at sight of Anne.

"Hello, Aunt 'Livia!" cried Anne. Then she looked up shyly. "You look just — just like my fairy godmother," she said. Aunt 'Livia pulled her hood farther down over her eyes and laughed.

"Ssh!" she said, shaking Anne a little by the shoulder. "I *am* your fairy godmother in disguise. Follow me."

She picked up Anne's bag and turned away. Anne couldn't quite tell whether she was joking or not.

They said not a word passing through the town, but when they turned out into the wood road, Aunt 'Livia stopped and pushed back her hood a little and made a little sniffing with her nose.

"Doesn't it smell nice?" she said.

"What?" said Anne.

"Don't you smell it?" said Aunt 'Livia.

"I don't smell anything," said Anne.

Aunt 'Livia looked surprised. "Dear, dear, you do need a fairy godmother! Let me give you a charm for your nose." She picked a little curled-up leaf and rubbed it over Anne's nose. "Now sniff," she said.

Anne tried to sniff like Aunt 'Livia and she smelled a wonderful smell, like nothing she had ever known in the city. It was a little like rain on clean sidewalks and a little like a new box of flowers from the florist, but besides these, it had a smell of sun in it.

"What makes it?" asked Anne.

"Oh, just spring!" laughed Aunt 'Livia.

"I never knew before that spring had that smell."

"Why, poor child," said Aunt 'Livia, "haven't you ever smelled spring coming?"

"No."

Aunt 'Livia wagged her head gravely. "Well, you *do* need a fairy godmother," she said. "It's well I came to the station."

Anne hardly heard what she said, she was sniffing so hard, taking in the wonderful smell of the spring woods. It was a smell you could never seem to get enough of.

"Where does the spring get that smell?" she said.

"It is one of the gifts that she brings the world in her golden bag," she said. "Do you hear anything?"

"No, it's very still," said Anne, who was used to the noisy city.

"Dear, dear, you do need a fairy godmother," laughed Aunt 'Livia. "Let me give you a charm for your ears." She picked another curled-up leaf and brushed it over Anne's two ears. "Now listen!" said Aunt 'Livia and cocked her head on one side. Anne cocked her head the same way and far off she heard a thin, shrill singing as of fairy pipes blowing. It was a sound that was as strange and yet as exciting as the smell of the woods.

"What makes it?" asked Anne.

"The frogs singing their good-night songs over in the marshes."

"I never knew frogs sang!"

"The spring makes them."

"How does she?"

"Oh, it's one of the gifts she brings them in her golden bag."

They went on across an open field sprinkled with little wild fruit trees. The grass was just turning green and there were patches of shiny leaves in little mats here and there.

"Do you smell anything?" asked the fairy godmother-in-disguise. Anne sniffed.

"Yes, like the woods and honey," she said.

"You are learning beautifully. Now look down and tell me, do you see anything?"

"Leaves?"

"Kneel down." Anne knelt down and peered into the shining plot of leaves.

"I just see some leaves," she said.

"Dear, dear, you do need a fairy godmother," said Aunt Livia. "Let me give you a charm for your eyes." She took one of the shiny leaves and brushed it across Anne's two eyes. "Now look!" she said, and began to push among the leaves with her fingers. Anne pushed the leaves back with her fingers, too, — and then she cried, "Oh! o-oh!" for there was a cluster of flowers like stars with deep cups in the centers, dainty and crisp and pink at the tips.

"How did they grow there?" cried Anne who had only seen flowers in a florist's window. "How did they get in with the grass and leaves?"

"The spring brought them for a present in her golden bag," said the fairy godmother-in-disguise.

It was supper time and almost dark when they came to the gate of Grandmother's path. They went up to the door in the blue twilight. On each side of the front door step was a neat, dark bed of earth.

"Oh," said the fairy godmother-in-disguise, "there is something in the beds I can't wait till morning to show you. It's too dark to see, but stoop down. Now let me take your hand. Reach out right here, gently. Now can you feel anything?"

"Only something cold and woolly in the dirt."

"Can't you feel what it is?" The fairy godmother's voice was disappointed.

"No," said Anne.

"Dear, dear, you do need a fairy godmother! Let me give you a charm for your fingers." She lifted Anne's fingertips and kissed each one. "Now run your fingers along, so. Touch." Anne touched and she felt a little,

soft, curled-up leaf, like baby's fingers in a very furry mitten. All over the leaf was a down like the finest silk.

"A — a little leaf," faltered Anne.

"Baby ferns pushing through," cried the fairy godmother-in-disguise.

"Where do they come from, the dear, soft, little —" Anne was stroking one gently.

"Oh," laughed the fairy godmother, "the spring brings them as presents in her golden bag." They went into the house and there were Grandmother and supper.

After supper Anne sat in the little rocking chair that had been Aunt 'Livia's and looked up at Aunt 'Livia rocking in a chair that was only a trifle bigger. Through the open window the wind brought the smell of spring and the distant cheeping of the frogs in the marshes. The arbutus they had found on the hill was pinned to Grandmother's dress. Even in the house spring seemed to have spread out her presents.

"For whom does the spring bring her presents?" asked Anne.

"She brings them for you and for all of us — who can see them."

"Why does she bring them to us?"

"Because it is her birthday." To Anne this made it all the more strange.

"But people *get* presents on their birthdays. They don't give them away. Why, last birthday I —"

"Yes," broke in Aunt 'Livia, "people do get presents, but the *spring* thinks it more delightful to celebrate by giving presents. She brings them in her great golden bag, embroidered with sun, and she scatters them everywhere, so that all the world will be glad it is her birthday. Are you glad?"

"As glad as can be," said Anne. "I never knew about her birthday before. Does every one?"

"Some people live in the city, where it is harder to see her presents. But even in the city there are plenty to see. It seems that many people don't know how to look. They need a fairy godmother."

"In disguise," added Anne.

"Fairy godmothers are always in disguise. You never know when you may be meeting one. But when you begin to get wide awake and really see and hear and smell and feel, you may know one is somewhere near you."

Anne rocked and thought about this. Then she said to Aunt 'Livia, "There's one thing I wonder about,— where does the spring get her presents?"

For a moment the fairy godmother's brow puckered.

"Doesn't any one know? I thought, maybe—" Anne's voice sounded disappointed.

"Yes, I do know," Aunt 'Livia hastened to say. "God gives them to her on her birthday and she gives them away to us."

"Does He like her to?"

"That is what He gives them to her for. You'll find ever so many presents every day that you are here, now that your nose and ears and eyes and fingers are awake."

And the fairy godmother was right.

LESSON 26

THE AWAKENING

Hymn: "Waiting to Grow." (Page 221)

Prayer: May the touch of the Spirit be felt in the hearts of the young.

Charles G. Ames

For the Nature Talk: A sprouted bulb.

Memory Verse: Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad.

Handwork: Model a bulb.

Free drawing of snow-drops. Color the leaves.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

ABULB with its shiny brown coat beautifully snug and smooth will furnish material for the talk and prepare for the story.

Speak of planting bulbs in the ground in the autumn; of their long winter's sleep. Refer again to Nature's Blanket. Ask for names of spring flowers that grow from bulbs, and the name of the one shown. Refer to the little bird we so commonly see hopping about in winter and summer, and tell the story of the sparrow and the bulb.

THE AWAKENING

IT was a mild December morning; the sun shone brightly and the birds hopped about merrily.

“A pretty enough little place this,” said a young sparrow to himself as he looked into the garden. Then he hopped about in search of something to eat. Presently he came to a little round brown ball lying at the foot of a tree, and gave it a sharp peck.

“Oh! please don’t!” said the bulb in an imploring tone.

“Then tell me what you are, for I will know,” said the sparrow, pecking at it again.

“I am called snow-drop,” was the answer.

“Well, you’re a queer little thing,” said the sparrow.

“I may not be as ugly as I look,” said the bulb.

“Not so ugly as you look? Well done, that is a capital idea! Ha, ha!” and the sparrow stood laughing till his feathers shook.

“It is quite true, I assure you,” said the snow-drop.

“Then take off that frightful brown cloak and let me see you,” said the sparrow.

“I may not,” answered the bulb; “I must wait.”

The sparrow could not resist another peck at the old brown coat.

“When will you get rid of your old cloak?” he asked.

“Oh, by and by. I don’t know exactly when.”

“And then what will you look like, may I ask?”

“Oh, I shall be pure and white and stainless like the stainless snow.”

“White! a little white ball instead of a brown one?”

"No, no, not that, ever so much more fair. But it is of no use to ask me, for I cannot say what I shall be."

"Well," said the sparrow, "you don't know when, and you don't know what, and you believe all that, and you are going to wait here in the cold, no one knows how long, till this astonishing change comes to pass!"

"I did not say *no* one knows," answered snow-drop quietly; "and I am not to wait where you see me. I shall be hidden down in the earth for a little until the time comes, and then — then you will see."

And here the snow-drop's voice, so gentle and soft, rose with a sound of joy and hope that floated heavenward. There was something in that tone that checked the rude laughter of the sparrow, so he hopped away, saying, "Well, I'm only a this-year bird, so there may perhaps be just a few things I don't know."

"Crocus, yellow crocus," whispered the snow-drop, "you will wear your cloth of gold by and by?"

"Surely, surely!" was the answer, and the trees and plants of the garden took up the reply of the crocus, singing, "Surely, surely."

Then the snow came and whitened the earth. At last one morning, our little friend the sparrow came hopping and pecking and chirping just as daintily as ever. "Dear me!" he said suddenly, "this reminds me of something, ages ago. Oh! now I remember. It was here I met the little brown coat who flattered himself there was something grand in store for him."

"Are you sure that little brown coat was wrong?" asked a voice, and the sparrow saw a delicate white flower bending meekly upon a slender stem.

"I don't think he was right, certainly," answered the sparrow.

"What has become of your friend?" asked the flower.

“Oh, sleeping down below there, or crumbled away to nothing by this time, I dare say.”

“Nay, nay, my friend, don’t you know my voice? I told you I should some day rise up white and fair and stainless.”

“Snow-drop! is it possible?” was all the astonished little bird could say.

“Yes, yes, you saw me lie down in hope and trust. I believed the awakening would come, surely, surely.”

And a soft song rang from the silver snow-drops and the crocuses, a song of joy which said, “We knew the awakening would come, surely, surely!”

From *Earth’s Many Voices*, by
MRS. MARGARET GATTY (abridged).

LESSON 27

THE LITTLE SEED

Hymn: (Review "With Happy Voices" (p. 220) and
"Lead us, Heavenly Father") (p. 219).

Prayer: (As in last lesson.)

For the Nature Talk: Sprouted seeds.

Memory Verse: In the heart of a seed,
 Buried deep, so deep,
 A dear little plant
 Lay fast asleep.

Handwork: Color the crocus.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

BRING seeds, flax or radish, that have sprouted in wet cotton and are kept wet by being placed over a dish of water.

Ask what is needed to make seeds sprout; who sends rain and sun to make them grow. Say that we can please the good Father who does so much for us and that the story tells how.

THE LITTLE SEED

BY ANNIE E. POUSLAND

FAR down in the earth a tiny seed was sleeping, safely wrapped in a warm, brown jacket. The little seed had been asleep for a long, long time, and now somebody thought it was time for him to wake up. This somebody was an earthworm that lived close by. He had been creeping about and found that all the seeds in the neighborhood had roused themselves, and were pushing their roots deep down into the earth, and lifting their heads, up, up, through the soil into the bright sunshine and fresh air.

So when the worm saw this little seed still sleeping, he cried: "Oh, you lazy fellow, wake up! All the seeds are awake and growing, and you have slept long enough."

"But how can I grow or move at all in this tight, brown jacket?" said the seed in a drowsy tone.

"Why, push it off. That's the way the other seeds have done; just move about a little and it will come off."

The little seed tried, but the tough jacket wouldn't break; and all the time the worm was telling him how happy the other seeds were, now that they had lifted their heads into the sunshine.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" said the seed, "what shall I do? I can't break this jacket, and I shall never see the beautiful sunshine! Besides, I'm so sleepy I can't keep awake any longer"; and he fell asleep again.

"The lazy fellow," thought the earthworm; "but it is strange that the other seeds shed their jackets so easily. Who could have helped them, I wonder?"

The little seed slept soundly for a long while, but at last he awoke, and found his jacket soft and wet instead of hard and dry, and when he moved about, it gave way entirely and dropped off.

Then he felt so warm and happy that he cried: "I really believe I am going to grow after all. Who could have helped me take off my jacket? And who woke me, I wonder, for I don't see any one near by."

"I woke you," said a soft voice close by. "I'm a sunbeam, and I came down to wake you; and my friends the raindrops moistened your jacket, so that you might find it ready to slip off."

"Oh, thank you," said the seed, "you're all very kind. Will you help me to grow into a plant, too?"

"Yes," said the sunbeam; "I'll come as often as I can to help you, and the raindrops will come, too; and then, if you work hard, with our help you will become a beautiful plant, I'm sure."

"But," said the seed, "how did you know that I was sleeping here? Could you see me?"

"No," said the sunbeam, "but my Father could. He saw you far beneath the earth trying to grow, and called the raindrops to him and said: 'One of my seed children is sleeping down there, and he wants to grow. Go down and help him, and tell the sunbeams to follow you and wake the seed, so that he may begin to grow as soon as he will.'"

"How kind he is!" said the seed. "If he had not seen me sleeping here I should have always been a brown seed, I suppose. Who is your kind Father?"

"He is your Father, too. He is every one's Father, and takes care of everybody. Nothing could live without him."

"How can I thank him?" said the seed. "What could I do that would please him very much?"

“Grow into just the best plant that you possibly can,” said the sunbeam; “that will please him most of all.”

So the seed grew into a beautiful vine that climbed higher and higher, towards the heavens, from which the Father smiled down upon him to reward his labor.

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LESSON 28

A HAPPY DAY

Hymn: "With Happy Voices Ringing." (Page 220)

Prayer: (The one given in Lesson 7.)

For the Nature Talk: A palm leaf or plant.

Memory Verse: Hosanna! blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.

Handwork: Color the sketch of palm leaves.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

NOTICE the beauty of the long slender leaves with their strong veins. Ask if any one has seen palms growing out of doors. How large were they? Where were they growing?

Refer to the Story of Jesus in Lesson I and recall his pleasure in taking the journey. Repeat again the name of the city to which he went.

Speak of the ways of showing happiness: in our faces; in our voices, and by what we do. The children in the story showed their happiness in these ways, and by joyous singing.

Ask what are some of the kinds of work that men do. The lesson today is about the boy Jesus now grown to be a man, and about the work he did.

A HAPPY DAY

WHEN Jesus grew to be a man he did not live with his father and mother any longer. Just as your brother or sister or some one in your family goes away from home to do his work, so Jesus went.

His work was teaching people, but not as your teacher teaches you in a school with books. Jesus had no school and no books. But he tried to show people how to listen to the still, small voice, — that same small voice that the boy Samuel and Elijah, the man of God, and Theodore Parker heard. He knew that if people heard the voice they would be happier.

So he went into many different homes talking with the families. Sometimes he would stay over night, sometimes several days. Then he would go to another town or village.

Many people listened to him. Some understood what he taught but many did not.

Jesus often told his friends stories as they walked along the road together or as they sat down by the wayside. He told them of the birds and the lilies, and about the sheep and the shepherd, and many other stories which they liked to hear.

He did this to try to make the people understand what he was teaching them. He wanted them to be kind and loving, and good friends with God.

One day when he had finished talking, Jesus and his friends started off toward a large city, Jesus going on ahead. When he was twelve years old, you remember, he went with his father and mother to the large city where the temple stood, and now he was going again to the same

place. He remembered that other visit and how glad he had been then.

So these friends went on walking slowly and talking together and resting now and then. At last they came to a hill.

"Go over into the village yonder," said Jesus, "and untie the colt you see there, and bring him to me. If any one asks you why you do such a thing, say that the master has need of him."

The two men did as they were told. They found the colt, and as they were untying it, the owner asked, "Why are you taking my colt away?"

"Because the master has need of him," they answered, and the owner understood and said no more.

When they reached Jesus they placed some of their garments on the donkey's back and seated Jesus upon him that he might ride the rest of the way into the city.

You know that if any one is riding in the street with people walking close to him many will come at once to see what it is all about.

So it was this day. A crowd began to gather and when they saw who was riding they walked along, too, with the rest. Children who were playing looked up and saw in the distance all the people. Some told their mothers, who came running to see, too.

The crowd grew larger and as it came nearer their voices were heard singing. And what do you think they were singing? Just happy songs of praise to God, for they now seemed to understand Jesus, and to be so glad and to love him so much that they had to sing. And the children sang, too.

Some one in the company said to Jesus that he should stop this loud singing; but he would not. He was glad to have them so happy.

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So as they walked along the men picked branches of palm trees that they could reach and waved them high above their heads and sang louder and clearer their songs of praise. Then they picked more branches and scattered them along in the road and even threw down their own garments so that a real carpet was made for Jesus to ride over.

What a joyous procession it was! Jesus and the people had never been so happy together before. The city was now in sight, and more people joined them. Some sat up in the trees to catch a glimpse of Jesus as he passed. And the crowd moved on into the city singing as they went, "Hosanna! blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

Do you think this was a happy day for any one? What made it so?

LESSON 28 (A)

EASTER

Hymn: Consider the Lilies. (Page 222)

Prayer: (As in Lesson 26.)

For the Nature Talk: Hyacinths or Lily, flower and bulb.

Memory Verse: He maketh all things new.

Handwork: Trace Easter lily.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

TALK of the bulbs that have been resting all winter and that are blooming at this season. Speak of the fragrance and color of the flowers chosen for the nature talk and of the joy the spring flowers bring. If it is possible to provide a blossom for each child to take at the close of the lesson there will be added pleasure.

The suggestions for the month of March explain the thought of Easter as here interpreted for children. The emphasis in the story lies in the connection of the thought of life and love with renewal and growth.

The suggestion of immortality is in the added thought that growth and life are unending.

This lesson and the leaflet with it are to be used on Easter Sunday, on whatever date it occurs.

AN EASTER STORY

WHEN John Martin was six years old he climbed every tree he could find to climb. One day he went too far out on a limb of the apple tree and fell and broke his leg. "Very lucky boy! *Very lucky!*" said the doctor who set the leg. Of course, John didn't see any luck about it; but the doctor did, for he said, "If it had been your knee cap, now, you would have had a much longer time in bed, for that's a bad break to mend. As it is, you'll be about again in five or six weeks."

That didn't sound a bit comforting to John. Six weeks seemed an endless time. The cast on his leg was stiff and heavy, the bed became hard when he had to lie in one position so long. Mother had to tell stories or play games all the time that first week to try to make John forget his troubles.

Little Visitor came one day to see him; but John was so cross she had to go away. After a week the doctor said, "Now, John, you're doing finely and I'm going to have you carried out on the sleeping porch to stay. That will be better, won't it?" Of course, it would be better. Out-of-doors is better than in-doors even if it is only on a sleeping porch.

So John was carefully carried out, and there by the side of the couch on a little table were some of the games John liked to play, and something else: a box—a new box that he hadn't seen before. What could be in it? "It's for you, dear," said Mother. "Open it, and see if you like it." John quickly unwrapped the box, removed the tissue paper and there looked out at him two glass eyes.

They were not of a doll, no indeed, nor of a toy of any kind. John put his hand down into the box and drew up a pair of glasses, not the kind you place on your nose to help you see, but the kind you hold up to your eyes to make all things look much nearer. "A pair of field glasses, or bird glasses," said Mother. "Look away across the fields, and see how the snow is softening around the walls and fences. Easter is coming soon, you know, and you will like to watch for its signs." "But," said John, "I thought Easter was a Sunday. What do you mean, Mother, by its signs?" "We'll watch and see," said Mother.

So the days went on. Little Visitor came often now because John was better and happier. Mother could leave him many hours at a time and be sure John would not be lonely. He watched the snow melt and run into the brook; he saw the brook getting fuller and flow faster; the first little green blades of grass he discovered, too, with his glasses, and each day he told his mother some new thing he had seen.

At last one morning, the next day after the cast was taken off his leg, John turned in bed at a sound. He heard it once, — yes, again, a song, clear and very sweet. John reached for the glasses and through them he saw over on a bush in a far meadow a little spot of blue. It wasn't the sky, it wasn't a flower. What do you think it could have been? As John watched he saw that the song he had heard came from this blue. Yes, it was! A bluebird! And John was gladder than he had been any day yet.

When Mother came with his breakfast, John said, "I seem to be getting gladder every morning. That bluebird is so splendid he makes me as happy as anything. Does the spring do that every year?"

"The spring does make us glad, dear. We love every sign of it, from the grass to the bird song. And when we

feel so glad about the spring, we are glad about people too. We seem to love them and all the world more. And that new life and love help us to feel that life and love are eternal; and that's Easter, John. Do you think you understand?" John thought he did.

On a little card on his tray on Easter morning John read "EASTER MESSAGE" and under a picture of a bluebird was written, "New life in the world — New love in our hearts!"

"I know it!" said John.

APRIL

Theme for the Year: LOVE AND SERVICE

Theme for the Month: LOVE THAT PROTECTS

So many gentle friends are near
Whom one can scarcely see,
A child should never feel a fear,
Wherever he may be.

Abbie Farwell Brown

God is good; He wears a fold
Of heaven and earth across His face —
Like secrets kept, for love, untold.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE MONTH'S LESSONS

THE lessons for April are about "Love that Protects." The love which is in us all and in creatures, the love which makes homes, which is grateful and glad and speaks in the still, small voice, makes us care for and protect others and crave protection for ourselves. This natural craving for protection is satisfied as children grow to feel that the Great Love, God, guards everybody and everything, sleeping or waking, in darkness or light.

To teach that God is in all and that his protection and care are very real and very sure is the purpose of these lessons.

Suggestions for music for April are "Minuet in G, No. 2," Beethoven; "In the Vales a Murmur," *Song and Service Book*, No. 179.

LESSON 29

LITTLE SWEET PEA

Hymn: (Select from those learned. "With Happy Voices Ringing" (p. 220), "Something Happy" (p. 205) and "Happiness" (p. 206) are suggested.)

Prayer: (Prayer in Lesson 2.)

For the Nature Talk: Sweet pea blossoms.

Memory Verses: I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

(Also, beginning of Psalm 23.)

Handwork: Color initials of Psalm.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

THE beauty and sweetness of the sweet peas speak for themselves. Ask the name of the flower and say that a little girl once had the same name.

Ask why a little child may not be allowed to run anywhere she may choose to go; what house pet sometimes guards the house or the children; what a dog will do if one tries to harm the baby he is watching. Explain about a furrow and how a little child lying in one might easily be hidden from sight. Bring out the thought that we are protected and watched over by the loving Father.

LITTLE SWEET PEA

ONE day little Sweet Pea could not be found. What color do you think she was, — a little pink and white sweet pea with many more just like her? No, indeed! If she had been like that the whole family would not have made such a fuss trying to find her. Sweet Pea was just the dearest little girl that you ever saw, and she wore a pink dress and a white sunbonnet and she had pink cheeks and almost white hair, so she was like a sweet pea, you see, and that is why they called her so.

But where was she? Upstairs and downstairs they looked, in closets, under the couch, in every place that a tiny girl could go. But there was no sign of her anywhere. Then father thought of Tige. "Whistle for Tige," he said. But they whistled and called, "Here Tige, Tige, Tige!" No brown dog answered or appeared. Everybody was alarmed, for Sweet Pea was so very little that she might easily get hurt and not be able to come back home if she had wandered away.

"I will search in all the buildings and in all the fields," said Father.

So first he went to the shed where the corn was kept which Sweet Pea sometimes threw to the hens. No little girl was there. Then he went to the field back of the barn where the corn was growing. Up and down between all the rows he looked, calling, "Sweet Pea, Sweet Pea, where are you?" No answer came. She was not there.

Then to the long ploughed field south of the house he went, where there was nothing growing and where he thought he could see the little girl at once if she were there.

First he looked all around on the soft, brown earth at the edge of the field, and there in one place he saw some little marks. Footprints? Yes, and right beside them were other marks smaller and different. They were almost round and had five little hollows in each. Yes, these were Tige's footprints.

Father walked very fast now, following the tracks and keeping his eyes fixed on the ground, for he must soon come upon the two he was seeking.

Suddenly almost in front of him was something white. Little Sweet Pea? No, only her sunbonnet. Father picked it up and hurried on and a few steps farther he found a little shoe. But where was the little girl? What had happened that her bonnet and shoe were away down here in the middle of the field, and her footprints and Tige's going this way and that as though they were chasing things? On he went and soon he came upon her lying down in a deep furrow, with the high rolls of upturned earth on either side nearly hiding the little figure of Sweet Pea, and Tige right across below her feet, not touching them at all, but just as close as he could be and not touch his little charge.

Father did not see Tige at first, for he lay flat down with his head outstretched between his paws, and he looked very much the color of the brown earth.

"Here you are!" called Father as he hurried near, and immediately there was a low gr-r-r-r from deep down in Tige's throat. It meant, "She's asleep! Don't you know that you mustn't wake her up? I'm taking care of her and you needn't come near."

Father gave Tige a pat and said, "Good dog." He did this because Tige could be very cross when one did not mind his growl. Then he turned to Sweet Pea. The dirt was on her dress and in her hair and on her face. In one

hand she held some clover blooms, all wilted, and she stirred a little as Father spoke.

He lifted her from her soft bed and she rubbed her eyes with a little moist fist to which the dirt clung. Mother and all the family were coming from the house by this time and Father called, "She's not hurt! She has only been asleep!"

Annie reached Sweet Pea first, for she could run the fastest, and then one by one they all came. How they laughed, and took the wee girl in their arms, and smoothed her hair and hugged her! All the time the good dog was jumping around and saying in little, short barks, "I took care of her! Didn't you know I would? Haven't I always taken care of little Sweet Pea ever since she came to us and you told me to do so?"

They patted the faithful protector, while he leaped on them, and barked more, and licked their hands.

It was a happy time you may be sure.

Then they all went home together, Father carrying the little girl safe in his arms, and little Sweet Pea looking back and stretching out her hand as she called to her faithful care-taker, "Come, Tige, Tige, Tige!"

LESSON 30

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

Hymn: "Heavenly Shepherd, true and holy" (page 203) or
"The King of Love my Shepherd is" (*A Book of Song and Service*, p. 64.)

Prayer: (From Lesson 29 or Lesson 6.)

For the Nature Talk: Forsythia, or any flowering shrub.

Memory Verse: (The 23d Psalm, continued.)

Handwork: Color initials and border of text.

Make sheepfold of paper. (See Introduction, p. 21)

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

THE beauty of the forsythia as it grows should be observed, if possible.

Which animals that go in flocks like so well to eat the tender grass? Ask where the sheep are sometimes kept at night. Show picture or drawing of sheepfold. (Refer to the chapter on handwork in the Introduction for suggestions.) Say that the teacher always knows who are present in the class. Ask how she can tell if the entire number is present, and how she feels if all are not there. Explain that the shepherd cared for the sheep so much that he would take great pains to count them and to find any that were lost.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

THREE was once a good shepherd who had a flock of a hundred sheep. He knew every one of them by name, and they all followed him when they heard his voice. Every day he led them from the fold to green pastures where the grass was fresh and sweet. When they were thirsty, he found them water to drink; when the sun was hot, he led them into the cool shade where they could rest while the little lambs played about them. Sometimes a lamb would stray away from the flock, but the shepherd loved every one of them and searched the field over until it was found.

One day it began to grow dark very suddenly and the shepherd knew that that meant a storm was coming, so he called the sheep together and started down the rough hill-side hoping to reach the sheepfold before the rain came.

The wind blew cold and colder, and it grew very dark, branches fell in the way and it was hard to keep in the rough path, but the shepherd knew he must move on quickly. So he hurried on, clearing the path as well as he could. At last they reached the sheepfold and soon he was standing beside the gate counting the sheep as they went into the fold, glad because he thought that they were all safe.

"Oh, but there are only ninety and nine! Surely, I had a hundred sheep!" he said as the last one went in. "One must have lost its way, and is still on the hill-side." So the good shepherd turned and climbed the hill, although the rain beat hard against his face and the cold wind pulled

and tugged at his cloak, for he loved his sheep, even the tiniest lamb.

The shade of every tree and of every great boulder was searched, but all too soon it grew dark and the shepherd was just ready to turn and go home, for he could see no longer, when a voice in his heart said, "What man having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine and go after that which is lost until he find it?"

So on he went again, calling the name of the missing sheep as he went. At last he heard a little sound which told him just where to find the lost sheep. It was the cry of the smallest lamb in the flock. He had strayed away and was caught in a bramble-bush, and when the shepherd reached him the lamb was scratched and torn and so tired that he could hardly move.

The good shepherd lifted the lamb tenderly and laid him on his shoulders rejoicing as he came down the hill-side.

When he reached the sheepfold he called to his friends and neighbors, saying, "Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost."

LESSON 31

THE FRIENDLY DARK

Song: "The Friendly Dark." (Page 223)

Prayer: "Make us brave without a fear" (from Lesson 6).

For the Nature Talk: Pansies.

Memory Verse: God is our refuge and strength.

Handwork. Color the sketch.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

SEE the wonderful velvety petals and beautiful coloring of the pansies! Give a flower to each child at the close. The pansy means "kind thoughts." Think of some one to whom the class may send a bunch of pansies.

Refer to the tulips. They close up at night. Do the children know of any other flowers that do this? Has any one seen a fire-fly? Ask about little insects that go about in the dark and find their way. The dark is their good friend. It is our good friend, too, for it brings us rest as it does the flowers.

THE FRIENDLY DARK

BY ADELAIDE NICHOLS

IT was a warm summer evening when Peter got lost. He and his brother had been having a picnic supper, up on the hill-top. They stayed there to watch the sunset far off behind the mountains. When the color began to fade and the evening star came out, Peter's brother rose and said,

"Come on down over the hill and home."

"It's shorter by the road," said Peter.

"I think it's shorter over the hill."

"I know it isn't. I'll go by the road — you go by the hill and we'll see."

"Right!" said Peter's brother. "One, two, three, — go!" He ran down the grassy hill-side and Peter started down the road. Peter pounded along fast, for he wanted very much to beat. He felt sure he would, too, for almost in no time he found himself at the bridge where the road crosses the brook at the foot of the hill. He looked up over the hill-side to see if his brother were there. But no one was in sight. Only, a little way down the brook he heard a crashing in the bushes and Peter felt sure his brother was there. He thought he would turn off the road and show him that he had come to the foot of the hill first.

He floundered through the bushes, getting scratched and slapped by strong little twigs that seemed to be taking his brother's part. Then he sat down a moment to listen for the crackle that should tell where his brother was.

Suddenly he heard some one whistling gayly. The bushes parted and some one came through.

"Jim!" cried Peter. The figure turned and stepped nearer. Then Peter saw that it wasn't his brother, but some one much taller. A lump of fear came into his throat and he sat tense. The man drew nearer and then, to Peter's horror, sat right down beside him. Peter stared straight ahead of him breathing hard, not daring to look at the man.

"Are you lost, too?" When the man spoke, he had a kind, merry voice.

"Kind of," faltered Peter. "Are you?"

"Oh, no!" the man laughed; "but this little fellow is." He held out his hand and opened it. There Peter saw a little yellow chicken, peeping sadly. Peter forgot his fear and looked up at the man. He saw that he had a kind, dark face with black curls clustered round it, and shining eyes that were the color of the darkness, part blue and part black.

"Where did you find the chick?" asked Peter with interest.

"He got out of the farm-yard yonder and was running in the dewy grass. Poor thing, he was scared. He doesn't know what to do when it's dark except run under his mother's wing. Hasn't much brains, I say, — don't you?"

"Why not?" asked Peter.

"Because he's afraid of the dark," said the man

"Aren't you?" said Peter.

The man laughed again. "No, indeed!" he said. "Only silly little chickens and babies are afraid of the dark. The dark is a most beautiful thing, a friend of mine and of all my friends."

"Who are your friends?" asked Peter, thinking this was a strange man indeed.

"Listen a moment and you'll hear them talk." Peter held his breath and listened. Then he noticed for the

first time that all the air was humming with a sound like many little banjos and fiddles.

“What is it?” he said.

“They are my insect friends, katydids and millions of little night things that make music in the dark. Oh, just look over there!”

Peter looked and saw a little spark of light gleam over the brook. Then came another and another till clusters of lights shot in and out among the bushes.

“Those are more of my insect friends,” said the man, “the little fire-flies who go about with their lanterns to see that the flowers are sleeping well. The fire-flies are good friends of the dark.”

“Are the flowers friends of the dark, too?”

“Oh, yes, though like little boys they don’t often see her. Flowers play all day in the sun and at night they are tired and hot. So the dark comes and washes all their faces with dew and gives each one a drink and closes their petals up so they can sleep. If it were not for the dark the flowers would die with weariness: they play so hard all day with the sun and wind. — S-sh! I hear another friend of mine.”

Peter held still again. There was a scurry of little feet along the shore of the brook and a dark body showed for a moment against the bright water. Flop! Flop! Some little animal dove into the brook.

“There he goes,” said the man; “that’s my friend the muskrat taking his evening swim.”

“Why does he swim at night?”

“Oh, he loves the dark. It takes care of him and hides him from bigger animals and helps him to find food. Many little animals love the dark who are afraid of the day.”

“Afraid of the day?” cried Peter, to whom this seemed a very strange idea.

"Yes, their enemies find them in the day. But the dark is kind to them and keeps them safe."

Just then the little chicken began to peep more dismally than ever. The man sprang to his feet.

"I must take this little silly home to his mother," he said. "He's afraid of the dark."

"Isn't the dark his friend?"

"Yes, but the dark takes care of him by putting him to sleep under his mother's wing, just as the dark takes care of you by putting you to sleep. It is your bedtime now. You will be too tired to play with the sun and wind tomorrow if you don't go home to bed."

Peter stood up and looked around. He did not know where his home was. The darkness made everything look strange and seemed to hide the way to his home from him. He shivered. "Wouldn't the dark hurt you?" he said.

The man only laughed. But, as he laughed, Peter noticed the brave fire-fly lamps and heard the muskrat scuttling up the bank and the hum of many insects in the grass. Near him, the close-folded wild roses slept, tired out with a long, sunny day. Everything seemed to remind Peter how good a friend the dark is.

"The dark wouldn't hurt you," he said boldly. The little chicken peeped fretfully from the man's hand. Peter thought him very silly to be afraid. The man reached down for Peter's hand. "I'll take you both back to your mothers," he said. "You see, the dark took care of you both. She even takes care of the little day things like chickens and little boys. I believe she put it into my head to come out into the fields, instead of sitting inside my own house reading a book by the lamp-light."

"Who are you?" said Peter.

"Oh, one of the friends of the dark," said the man, and laughed again.

So little Peter got home safely. His brother had arrived long before and was still maintaining how short it was to come over the hill. His mother met Peter at the door, quite anxious and very glad to see him. She carried him up to bed and helped him undress. When he began to say his prayers, he noticed for the first time that they began, "Father, we thank Thee for the night."

He stopped. "Mother," he said, "is God one of the friends of the dark or of the day?"

"Of both," said his mother. "You know we say, 'The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee.'"

Peter did not answer, for the friendly dark had already closed his tired eyes and put him to sleep.

LESSON 32

THE DISTRUSTFUL BUNNY

Hymn: "A Child's Prayer." (Page 224)

Prayer: Guide us, protect us,
 Show us the way.
 Help us, dear Father,
 Just for today.

For the Nature Talk: Tender shoots of maple, with buds.

Memory Verse: (The words of the prayer, which are also the words of the hymn.)

Handwork. Trace outline of the rabbit.
 Color at home the design on p. 4 of the Leaflet.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

SHOW the tenderness and lovely color of the young shoots from any tree or shrub. Many little wood creatures like to eat the tender bark and leaves.

Explain that many animals cannot be seen easily. They look like the ground — as Tige looked in the story about Little Sweet Pea — or like the snow in winter. The fur changes its color with the season. That is one way by which they are protected. The rabbit is one of the animals thus cared for. Is any one else protected besides the little wood creatures? When?

THE DISTRUSTFUL BUNNY

By ROSE BROOKS

ONCE upon a time a little Bunny lived in a deep forest, and he should have been a very happy Bunny. With his bright pink eyes he could see all day the tall, straight trees, the flowers, and the green grass; with his little black nose, which began to twitch joyously when he first opened his eyes in the morning, he could smell the cool ferns, and the dewy cobwebs stretched over the soft moss; and with his long ears he could listen all day to the birds in the trees overhead, and to the insects which sang all about him, close to the ground. But did he? His pink eyes saw none of the beautiful things all about him; his black nose did not twitch joyously at each sweet, woodsy scent; and his long ears were deaf to the music of the forest.

That Bunny moped about all the sunny summer days, and all the time he kept thinking and thinking to himself: —

“Of course, my brown coat is all very well for summer. To be sure, it’s nearly the color of the earth, and the fallen pine needles, and the trunks of the trees, so it would be hard for any other animal to see me and catch me, but, oh, what shall I do when winter comes? Mr. Bear says that in winter all the ground is covered with cold, white snow. Then every one can see my brown coat plainly, and I shall be so frightened all the time! Oh, what shall I do when winter comes?”

All through the warm summer days, when that Bunny should have been happy every minute, he was worrying about the snowy winter days ahead, and every bit of the joy of summer was spoiled for him.

One day he noticed that the leaves on some of his forest trees, which had been a shining green, were turning to gold and crimson, but he was too worried to let his pink eyes see the beauty of the leaves, because at just this same time he noticed that his coat was fading day by day, until it had changed from a leafy brown to a dingy yellow. Poor Bunny was more frightened than he had been all summer.

"Oh, dear!" he wailed to himself. "Is my coat becoming a bright yellow, like one of those golden leaves? Oh, dear! I think a yellow coat could be seen even farther in winter than a brown one. What shall I do! What shall I do!"

By this time Bunny was so frightened that he became quite ill, and he lay curled up out of sight under the bracken, keeping his eyes tight shut and trying to forget his fright. It was not long before he felt something soft and wet on his nose, and when he opened his eyes a little crack he saw that the air was full of white, soft, falling things like flower petals, and already the ground was white with them. Bunny sprang to his feet, shivering with fright.

"It must be the snow! It's here, it's here, and now every animal in the forest can see my dreadful coat so plainly!"

Just as he was about to leap forth in frightened haste, in search of a more secure hiding-place, he suddenly grew rigid with amazement. Out of his unbelieving pink eyes he saw that his coat was not brown, nor yet golden yellow; no, his coat was a soft, unspotted white,—just the very color of the snow.

"Why," he gasped, "nobody can see me, after all. I'm just the color of everything all around me. My coat is white, and now everything in the forest is white."

Such a big load rolled right off that Bunny's mind that he was the very happiest little animal in all the forest. For

all at once he saw for himself just what a distrustful, miserable Bunny he had been all during the summer days. When he saw how he hadn't had one minute of happiness, or fun, or peace, when he might have been happy every livelong summer day, he gave such a big, happy sigh that he blew the snow right off a fern that was in front of his nose, and he thought to himself: —

“In summer my coat was brown, to match everything around me so that I would be safe. And now everything around me is white, but my coat isn't brown any longer; it's white, so I'll still be safe! So I just know it will be brown again next summer, and now I can be happy all the time!”

Adapted with permission of author.

MAY

Theme for the Year: LOVE AND SERVICE

Theme for the Month: LOVE THAT SERVES

Small service is true service while it lasts:
Of humblest friends, bright creature, scorn not one.
The daisy by the shadow that it casts
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

William Wordsworth

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE MONTH'S LESSONS

MAY begins the subject "Love in Service" — the crowning expression of love. The thought for teachers to hold and to pass on in some form and degree to the children is that we are all working together to serve God. We serve God when we help each other.

The quiet music suggested for May is "Träumerei" by Schuman, or "St. Sylvester," No. 32 in *Song and Service Book*.

LESSON 33

JESUS AND THE LITTLE CHILDREN

Song: "Hymn of Thanks." (Page 225)

Prayer: (As in Lesson 32.)

For the Nature Talk: Lilies of the valley.

Memory Verse: He put his hands on them, and blessed them.

Handword: Color initials in text.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

LILIES symbolize the purity of little children and bring to the class much that is beautiful.

Recall by questions two other stories about Jesus. The second told of crowds of people about him. There were often such crowds. Today's story tells of many little children among the people. Ask about Children's Sunday and about the christening of babies and little children. Say that the mothers brought the children to Jesus for his blessing. Explain the feeling of the disciples, and show how by the rebuke to the disciples Jesus helped the mothers to come near him.

Speak of the happiness of the mothers who came to Jesus, and of the happiness of mothers and friends of babies who are christened.

JESUS AND THE LITTLE CHILDREN

WHEREVER Jesus went people followed him. Sometimes with his friends there was a great crowd of people who did not know him. They followed because they were curious to see Jesus and to have him answer their questions. This was not always easy for Jesus to do, but he was never afraid to answer and always said what he thought was right.

Sometimes the answers made people angry, and then they would turn away and whisper hard things among themselves. Sometimes the crowds came close and got in his way, so much so that Jesus' friends would tell them to stand back and not trouble Jesus.

One day among the crowd there came mothers with their little children. Some of these were babes so young that their mothers carried them in their arms, some were just walking, and others were running on ahead.

These mothers wanted Jesus to do just what our minister does on Children's Sunday, — lay his hands on the children's heads and say a little prayer, — that is, ask God to bless the children. The friends of Jesus told the mothers not to do this, for they were in the way and ought not to try to speak to Jesus or even to get so near him.

Jesus saw what was happening and heard what his friends said, and at once he was displeased. "Let the children come unto me," he said. "Do not tell them they cannot come. Little children belong to God, and of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

Then the thing happened which made the mothers happy, for Jesus took the children right in his arms, one

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or two at a time, and placed his hands on them and asked God to bless them.

The mothers and the babies and the little children went home, glad because this great and good man had asked God's blessing upon them. Jesus' friends said no more, and the crowd that stood around looking and listening said not a word either, for they saw now that God cared specially for little ones, since Jesus had said to the people, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

LESSON 34

A MORNING RIDE

Hymn: (Select from those learned.)

Prayer: "We thank Thee for our home and friends" (from Lesson 7).

For the Nature Talk: Tulips.

Memory Verse: (Finish 23d Psalm).

Handwork: Color tulips in sketch.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

THE varied beauty of the color of the tulips and their silky sheen will appeal to the children.

Ask why an old person cannot walk far, especially in the dry, dusty heat. Explain that old people do not always ask for the help they need, and that children may be of great assistance if only they are watchful. Ask for suggestions of ways in which children can help.

A MORNING RIDE

BY ALICE S. EMERY

WHEN Jack and Mary started out with their pony to drive that morning, they didn't know how very warm it was. If they had known, I don't believe they would have gone. The sun shone hotter and hotter and by the time they turned toward home they were both very uncomfortable.

The road where they were driving had no shade. "My, but it's hot!" said Jack. "Isn't it!" said Mary, "but don't try to make poor Gyp go any faster, for he is hot, too." If they had looked behind the little cart, they could hardly have seen a thing, there was such a cloud of hot dust rising up where Gyp's feet and the cart wheels had been.

The dust seemed to follow them and to settle down on the little boy and girl thicker and thicker. But they didn't look behind them, for away down the road beyond Jack saw something.

"What is that down yonder?" he asked, and they both looked straight ahead at something that seemed not to move and was just beside the wheel track. "Sure enough, what is it?" said Mary, and they kept looking, trying to make out what it was. As they went on they saw it was not a tree or a post, but something that moved very slowly. Soon they both said, "Why! it's an old, old woman!"

As they drew near her, they saw that she carried a heavy bundle, and in one hand a strong stick to help her as she walked, for she was very old. Her clothes were coarse, but

clean, and she wore a big sun bonnet. Her face was very kind as she turned to look at them.

"Rather queer, wasn't she?" said Jack as they drove on.

Mary made no reply, but when they were close to the street that led to their home, she suddenly clutched Jack's arm, and said, "Turn around! Turn Gyp around, quick!"

"What's the matter?" said Jack, a little surprised.

"That poor woman!" said Mary. "I've been thinking of her all the time! She is too old to be walking today in this heat, carrying that heavy bundle."

"I want to get home sometime today," said Jack, scowling.

"Oh, do hurry, Jack! Perhaps she has fallen down," said Mary.

Jack slowly turned Gyp's head, and he trotted back over the hot dusty road, but no one was in sight.

They thought they had reached the place where the woman had been, and yet they saw no one. Then, just as they were about to give up looking, they found her. Under a shady tree, on a stone, she sat, wiping the perspiration from her hot, tired face. Her bonnet and bundle and stick were beside her. The minute he saw her Jack was glad that he had come back. He jumped quickly out of the cart and went over toward the woman, took off his hat very politely, and said,

"Wouldn't you like to ride with us? It's so warm to be walking!"

"Wouldn't I!" said the woman. "I am very glad to ride, for I'm afraid I couldn't walk any farther." Jack took the heavy bundle and placed it in the cart, Mary jumped out to take the little seat at the back, and Jack helped the tired woman to Mary's seat. Gyp seemed to know that something good had happened, for he trotted faster than before, as if he wanted to help these kind children. On and on they went until they came to the very

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door where the woman wished to stop, and there she got out. But before they left her she said, "Bless you, and thank you both, kind children. But for you I might not have reached here at all. Only good can come to young people who take such care of the old." Then the children drove home in silence.

Suddenly Jack said, "That *was* a kind thing for you to think of, Mary. I never should have thought of it if it hadn't been for you. Next time I'm going to think of it myself."

LESSON 35

LITTLE TED

Hymn: "Doing Our Part." (Page 226)

Prayer: (Review.)

For the Nature Talk: Lilacs.

Memory Verse: Be ye kind one to another.

Handwork: Free drawing of brook.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

SPEAK of the many varieties of lilacs and the beauty and fragrance of them all.

Talk about the days of the week on which there is no school. Ask the children what they do on these days; if they would rather be alone or with playmates. Suggest to the children that instead of asking mother, "What can I do?" it is a good plan to say, "How can I help?" Ask for suggestions of ways of helping.

LITTLE TED

THE sun was shining brightly one early May morning, and little Ted sat on the front doorstep pondering. His elbows rested on his knees and his chubby face rested in his hands. Ted was thinking; and as he sat there keeping time with his little foot, he was softly singing a kindergarten song.

It was Saturday, and much to Ted's discomfiture, there was no school, and the best little boy did not know what to do with himself.

"I wish there was kindergarten every day," sighed Ted, and he longingly thought of dear Miss Alice and little Hazel and John and Paul, and of the pretty pink mat he was weaving; and then the song came again to his lips and he sang right merrily and sweetly:—

"I'm small, I know, but wherever I go,
The fields grow greener still."

"That was such a pretty story that Miss Alice told us about the little stream," thought Ted, "how the little stream went singing on its way as happy as could be, watering the grass and the flowers on the banks, and the roots of the big trees, and the cows and sheep and the birds, and then there was the little boy who came after the cows,— it was such a nice story!"

Pretty soon Ted was aroused from his reverie by hearing the milkman ring his bell. Ted ran down the steps and up to the wagon in a moment.

"Well, Ted," said Thomas, the driver, "you have come in good time. My leg is so lame with rheumatism that I

cannot get out of the wagon this morning. Will you carry the milk in to Maggie?"

"Yes, sir!" said Ted, glad of something to do; and he carried the milk very carefully to the kitchen door, where Maggie met him with a pitcher in her hand.

"Thomas is lame with rheumatism," said Ted, "and can't come in." Maggie gave him a cookie which she had just taken from the oven, and off he went again as happy as a bird. He felt as if he had wings. He ran out to the gate and swung there for some time, the song again jingling in his mind.

"I'm small, I know, but wherever I go,
The fields grow greener still."

Very soon he saw his little friend, Kitty Culpins, coming down the walk, wheeling her baby brother. As she went to cross the street, the curbstone was too high, and she was not strong enough to get the carriage over. She pushed and she pulled, but it was of no use. Ted watched her for some time and then a happy thought popped into his little brown head. He ran to Kitty, and he pulled while she pushed, and they got the carriage safely over. They walked up and down in the bright sunshine for a long time, and then Kitty went home and Ted went to his favorite place on the front steps.

"Singing, singing all the day," sang Ted, as he took some marbles from his pocket, and counted them over.

He heard a strange noise on the sidewalk, and looking up he saw an old blind man, who was very much frightened at a wagon which had passed quite close to him as he was crossing the street. The blind man had lost his way and was tapping with his cane upon the sidewalk, to find out where he was.

Ted ran down to see what was the matter, and the poor

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old man told him that he had lost his way. He wanted to go to North Street, and so Ted took hold of his hand and turned him gently around, and the old man thanked him kindly.

Just then the dinner bell rang, and Ted ran in with a light heart. His papa said, "Ted, what have you been doing today?" "Oh! having some fun," said Ted.

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LESSON 36

THE SHEPHERD BOY OF ISRAEL

Hymn: "Little Lambs so White and Fair." (Page 227)

Prayer: Father in heaven, bless Thy little children
Gathered before Thee on this happy day.
For the morning sunshine, for the day, we thank Thee.
O sun of love, shine in our hearts, we pray.

For the Nature Talk: Fern fronds.

Memory Verse: He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.

Handwork: Tear green paper to represent hill-side.
Cut trees, and paste.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

ASK if the children know the name "frond" for a fern leaf. Notice the beauty of the curled-up leaves. Refer to spring's birthday presents.

Can the children tell whether it is Father, or Mother, who calls them? What do they do when called? The sheep cannot answer as the children do; but they listen and answer by going to the shepherd. Who of the class has a pet? What do you do for it? How does the pet show its love for you? The shepherd takes care of his sheep as you care for your pets. The sheep love the shepherd and follow him.

THE SHEPHERD BOY OF ISRAEL

LONG, long ago there was a shepherd boy who sang as he took care of the sheep in the pastures of his father.

“Serve the Lord with gladness!” was his song, for he had found so many ways of helping others that he was glad in his heart and sang for pure joy. His name was David. He was the youngest boy in Jesse’s family of seven sons. David’s brothers were men quite as large and strong as their father, and old enough to go away from home to serve as soldiers in the king’s army when he needed men to protect his country. But when David begged to go too, Jesse said, “Oh, no, you are only a boy and must stay at home and help me until you learn how to protect others.”

So David went out on the beautiful fields and quiet hills with the sheep, for Jesse was a shepherd and had many hundreds of sheep which needed to be watched over and protected.

As the days went on, David learned to choose green pastures where there was plenty of sweet grass, and many safe resting places for the sheep when they were tired. When they were thirsty he led them beside the still waters, for sheep need fresh water every day. Sometimes he would find a quiet little pool where the cool water stood for a few moments before it bubbled and sang its way across the field. Again it would be a deep well from which he would draw cold water in buckets until every sheep was refreshed.

He also learned that he must never let the sheep stray into the neighbor’s field, for the law of the country said

that they would then belong to the man who owned the field into which they had strayed.

So David learned to guide the sheep in the right way and the sheep learned to trust him and to come whenever he called, for they knew he was their kind friend and they were sure of his protecting care.

One day as David watched the flock a great lion ran down from the rocks on the hillside and took a little lamb away from its mother. David, seeing what had happened, without giving a thought to his own safety, ran quickly and rescued the lamb from the lion before he could get away to his den.

At other times he drove away the wild beasts that tried to steal the sheep, for he loved every sheep in the flock and was glad to protect them.

Sometimes he used to rest in the shade of the trees and listen to the song of the leaves as the wind blew them to and fro. He learned to love the song of the birds as they flew overhead. They seemed to say, "God is love. He cares for us. He sends us the beautiful flowers, the trees, and the great green meadows. Give thanks! Give thanks!"

"I, too, will give thanks," sang David, as he listened, "and I will serve the Lord with gladness and with all my heart! His loving care is over all!"

JUNE

Theme for the Year: LOVE AND SERVICE

Theme for the Month: LOVE THAT SERVES

Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God;
But only he who sees takes off his shoes.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE MONTH'S LESSONS

THE concluding lessons of the year continue the theme of love and service. Try to emphasize in all the lessons the thought that even very little children may render service if only by carrying a sunshiny face. "By love serve one another" is the thought that finishes the lessons for the year.

The suggestion for music is "To a Wild Rose," by MacDowell, and "Palestrina," p. 228.

LESSON 37

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

Hymn: "What Can Thy Little Children Bring" (Page 228)

Prayer: (As in Lesson 36.)

For the Nature Talk: A basket of daisies or iris.

Memory Verse: They helped every man his neighbor.

Handwork: Make daisy chains.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

BRING a basket of daisies and let children choose to whom it shall be given and who shall carry the flowers.

If a person is badly hurt and no one helps him, what may happen to the person? Shall we help one if we do not know his name? Bring out the thought by questions, that it is not enough to help one who is hurt for the present time only; to get well, the injured person must have continued care.

Encourage the children to help some one today.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

LUKE 10:30-36

A CERTAIN man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

And by chance there came down a certain priest that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee.

Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves?

LESSON 38

BENNIE'S SUNSHINE

Hymn: "Doing Our Part." (Page 226)

Prayer: (As in last lesson.)

For the Nature Talks: Buttercups.

Memory Verses: Serve the Lord with gladness.
Be ye kind, one to another.

Handwork: Color buttercups in drawing.
Model a pitcher.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

THE buttercups furnish beauty and interest for the story. Show that they have the sun's color.

Explain the need of sunshine to keep well and to restore health. Ask what children can do to help where there is some one ill. Why be quiet and careful then? Why have a sunshiny face?

BENNIE'S SUNSHINE

BY MABEL RUST

LITTLE BENNIE lived with his grandmother, in the basement of an old house. The street was so narrow that the warm sunlight could not shine into the low rooms, and grandmother was too feeble to go out of doors. She had been sick now for a week, and a kind neighbor came in to help with the work. Little Ben did errands, and tried his best to be useful.

It was a pleasant spring day, and after Bennie had come from the store with a pitcher of milk, he sat by grandmother's bed, and told her how warm and bright the sunshine was, and how he wished it would shine into their windows. "Ah! it has been so long since I felt the sunshine!" said grandmother, and she sighed. While Bennie watched her she seemed to sleep, and he put on his cap, poured the milk into a bowl, and went out, with the pitcher in his hand, shutting the door softly behind him. He had a plan for bringing sunshine to dear grandmother. Was not the Common near, where the sun just shines all day long? Surely some of that sunshine could be spared for her.

So little Ben ran all the way, till he came to the wide Common. Then he placed the pitcher carefully down on the grass, so the sun could shine straight into it. "I will wait till it is quite full," he thought, and so began to pick the yellow buttercups that grew all about. He soon had a big bunch, and they were as bright as the sunshine. "Grandma will be so surprised when she wakes up, and how pleased she will be to have the sunshine, after all,"

Bennie thought. He started for home with the buttercups in one hand and the pitcher in the other, his face rosy and smiling.

Grandmother was still asleep, so he laid the buttercups on her pillow, where she would be sure to see them, as soon as she opened her eyes. He set the pitcher on the table and sang:

“Wake! says the Sunshine,
 ‘Tis time to get up;
Wake! pretty daisy,
 And sweet buttercup.”

Soon she opened her eyes, and the first thing she saw was the bunch of buttercups.

“Why, they are like sunshine!” she said.

“Yes, grandmother,” cried little Ben, “and I have filled the pitcher with real sunshine,—just see!” But when they looked inside, the pitcher was empty; all the bright light had gone out of it.

Grandmother comforted her dear little boy by telling him that his loving face was her best sunshine, that even if she could not go into the beautiful country, she was happy with him always.

It was not long after this before kind friends came and took little Ben and his grandmother out into the country, to stay all summer. And with the sunshine and little Ben to help her, grandmother at last grew strong enough to walk into the green fields. She called Bennie “Little Sunshine.”

Don’t you think it was a good name for him?

From *The Boston Collection of Kindergarten Stories*. Used with permission of J. L. Hammett Co., publishers.

LESSON 39

THE LEGEND OF THE DIPPER

Hymn: "We Thank Thee, Father." (Page 229)

Prayer: (As in Lesson 37.)

For the Nature Talk: Clover.

Memory Verse: Blessed is he that giveth a cup of water in my name.

Handwork: Free drawing of dipper on separate sheet.
Model dipper, or cup.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

THE color and sweetness and thickly spiked bloom of the clover are different from any flower we have noticed. The children will know that it is the bees' flower.

Explain what famine means. Talk about the discomfort of thirst, especially when one is ill. Recall the story (Lesson 34) of two children who helped an aged woman. This child in the story is caring for an older person whom she dearly loved. When we are caring for or helping another we forget whether what we are doing is hard or not.

THE LEGEND OF THE DIPPER

ONCE upon a time, long, long ago, a dear little girl lived with her mother in a house on the edge of a great forest. They were far away from other people, and sometimes this little girl was very lonely.

One year a great famine came on the land. There was little food to eat, and since no rain had fallen for many months, there was not even clear water to drink and the people grew weak and ill. The little child did everything she could to help her mother, who was very sick, but she seemed to grow weaker each day.

At last, one night, the poor sick mother whispered, "If only I could have a drink of clear cold water, I know I could get well." When the child heard this, she remembered that some one had said that there was one spring — away up on the mountain — which still had clear water in it. It was a long way from her home and the night was dark, and she was not a very brave little girl; but she tried to forget how dark the way would be, and taking her tin dipper started out to find the spring.

The way was dark, just as she had thought it would be, and the stony path was rough to her feet, but every time she felt afraid she remembered that she was trying to help one who loved her dearly, and so she forgot about the darkness of the night.

After walking a long, long way, she found the spring, — yes, and the water bubbled over its edges in a clear, pure stream, just as she had heard it did. The child was filled with joy. Now she could really help her mother by taking her the one thing she needed; and she filled her

dipper, filled it to the very brim, and started for home, happy as she could be, for now mother could have the drink of cold water which she needed to make her well.

She walked very carefully, for she did not wish to spill one drop of the precious water. The stony path seemed smoother and the dark night grew lighter as she left the spring, and she almost sang as she went down the steep hill.

"Bow-wow, bow-wow," said a little dog who was lying by the path, too weary to stand. "Please give me a drink!" The little girl listened, but she held the dipper closer to her side, for the water was for her mother.

"Bow-wow, bow-wow!" said the dog faintly. "Just a few drops of water will make me strong." And the little child remembered that mother had always told her to be kind to animals, so she poured a few drops of the precious water into the palm of her hand and the dog lapped it and gave a joyous little bark, which said plainly, "Thank you, thank you, dear loving child." Then he ran away.

The child could not see what happened to her dipper as she walked on, but the stars saw and sang for joy. It had turned into silver and the water seemed to sparkle with light. Carefully she walked, guarding the cup as she went on. When she was nearly home, a stranger stood in the pathway, and seeing the water in her cup, asked her for a drink, for he, too, was suffering with thirst. Again the child guarded the dipper with her hands, for so little water would be left if she should give to each one who asked of her. And she pressed her hand over the top of the dipper, determined that no water should be lost this time. She raised her eyes to the stranger's face as she refused his request. Oh, how tired he looked, and how sad! Quickly she lifted her dipper to his lips, and with eyes filled with tears, begged him to drink of the precious water.

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A wonderful white light filled the air and a voice said, "Blessed is he that giveth a cup of water in my name." Then all was dark. The stranger had disappeared but the dipper became more precious still,—a dipper of gold instead of one of silver was in the child's hands.

The little girl ran home; straight to her mother's bedside she went. "Here is the precious water, mother dear," said she. "Drink and grow strong again." The little child's mother raised the golden dipper to her lips and as she drank the dipper shone with jewels, and left her hands to shine in the dark blue sky of night, and to tell to all the world the story of a loving child who forgot herself in serving others.

Retold from an old legend.

LESSON 40

THE COMING OF THE KING

Hymn: "Doing Our Part." (Page 226)

Prayer: (The prayer for the month).

For the Nature Talk: Marigold buds; pine tassels; oak leaves.

Memory Verse: There's nothing so kingly as kindness.,

Handwork: Mark around oak leaves.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

SHOW the gold color of the buds and the beauty of the leaves. Oak leaves which have been made into a garland will add interest to the story.

Explain about a herald, and the trumpet. The excitement of expecting a king, the preparations for him, the pleasure that cleanliness and order and beauty give, the joy of giving a cup of cold water to one who is thirsty, of giving the best seat to the tired visitor, are points to be made. Try to appreciate and make the children understand, without analyzing, that the kindness on the face and the sun on the head of the man made him seem a king. "There's nothing so kingly as kindness."

THE COMING OF THE KING

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS

SOME children were at play in their playground one day when a herald rode through the town, blowing a trumpet, and crying aloud, "The King! the King passes by this road today. Make ready for the King!"

The children stopped their play and looked at one another.

"Did you hear that?" they said. "The King is coming. He may look over the wall and see our playground; who knows? We must put it in order."

The playground was sadly dirty, and in the corners were scraps of paper and broken toys, for these were careless children. But now, one brought a hoe, and another a rake, and a third ran to fetch the wheelbarrow from behind the garden gate. They labored hard, till at length all was clean and tidy.

"Now it is clean!" they said; "but we must make it pretty, too, for kings are used to fine things; maybe he would not notice mere cleanliness, for he may have it all the time."

Then one brought sweet rushes and strewed them on the ground; and others made garlands of oak leaves and pine tassels and hung them on the walls; and the littlest one pulled marigold buds and threw them all about the playground, "to look like gold," he said.

When all was done the playground was so beautiful that the children stood and looked at it, and clapped their hands with pleasure.

"Let us keep it always like this!" said the littlest one; and the others cried, "Yes! yes! that is what we will do."

They waited all day for the coming of the King, but he never came; only, towards sunset, a man with travel-worn clothes, and a kind, tired face passed along the road, and stopped to look over the wall.

"What a pleasant place!" said the man. "May I come in and rest, dear children?"

The children brought him in gladly, and set him on the seat that they had made out of an old cask. They had covered it with the old red cloak to make it look like a throne, and it made a very good one.

"It is our playground!" they said. "We made it pretty for the King, but he did not come, and now we mean to keep it so for ourselves."

"That is good!" said the man.

"Because we think pretty and clean is nicer than ugly and dirty!" said another.

"That is better!" said the man.

"And for tired people to rest in!" said the littlest one.

"That is best of all!" said the man.

He sat and rested, and looked at the children with such kind eyes that they came about him, and told him all they knew; about the five puppies in the barn, and the thrush's nest with four blue eggs, and the shore where the gold shells grew; and the man nodded and understood all about it.

By and by he asked for a cup of water, and they brought it to him in the best cup, with the gold sprigs on it: then he thanked the children, and rose and went on his way; but before he went he laid his hand on their heads for a moment, and the touch went warm to their hearts.

The children stood by the wall and watched the man as he went slowly along. The sun was setting, and the light fell in long slanting rays across the road.

"He looks so tired!" said one of the children.

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“But he was so kind!” said another.

“See!” said the littlest one. “How the sun shines on his hair! it looks like a crown of gold.”

From *The Golden Windows* published by Little, Brown & Company. Permission of author and publishers.

**SONGS FOR USE IN
THE LITTLE CHILD IN SUNDAY SCHOOL**

Heavenly Shepherd, True and Holy.

203

Anon.

JOHN B. DYKES.



Heav'n - ly Shep-herd, true and ho - ly, Hear, oh, hear us while we pray!



Let Thy chil - dren, weak and low - ly, Be Thy care in life's young day.



PRAYER

HELP OUR HEARTS TO LOVE THEE,
HELP OUR HANDS TO SERVE THEE,
HELP OUR LIPS TO PRAISE THEE,
FOREVER.

Amen.

Praise Him!

UNISON.

Praise Him, praise Him, all ye lit - tie chil - dren! God is love! God is love!

Praise Him, praise Him, all ye lit - tie chil - dren! God is Love! God is Love! *rit.*

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CLOSING PRAYER

MAY WE, THY CHILDREN, HAPPY BE
IN LOVING ALL AND SERVING THEE.

Amen.

Something Happy.

205

HENRY VAN DYKE.

A. B. PONSONBY.



Ev - 'ry morn - ing seems to say "There's some - thing hap - py



marcato.

on the way, And God sends love to you!"

marcato.

From *The Children's Year*, Milton Bradley Co. Used by permission.



Happiness.

ELIZABETH H. DUNHAM.

Would you find the way to be hap - py to - day? 1. Hold sun - shine in your
2. Then make an - oth - er

1st verse.

heart; Let ev - 'ry word be kind; If trou - bled, nev - er

D.C. 2nd verse.

mind but brave-ly do your part. hap - py; If you do, if you

do, Ah, dear, be - lieve me, You'll be hap - py too.

O Little Birds.

207

German Air.

Music for the first stanza. Treble clef, common time (indicated by '8'). Key signature: B-flat major (two flats). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are: "O lit - tie birds that all day long Car - ol in ev - 'ry tree,"

Music for the second stanza. Treble clef, common time (indicated by '8'). Key signature: B-flat major (two flats). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are: "What is the se - cret of your song, The mean - ing of your glee?"

Music for the third stanza. Treble clef, common time (indicated by '8'). Key signature: B-flat major (two flats). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are: "You are so ver - y, ver - y glad,— How lov - ing God must be! ."

A Prayer.

THOMAS B. POLLOCK.

H. Woods.

Make us brave, with - out a fear; Make us hap - py, full of cheer,
 Sure that Thou art al - ways near,— Hear us, O our Fa - ther!



The Willing Heart.

209



Of ev - 'ry man that giv - eth it will - ing - ly with his heart, with his heart,



I will take, will take his of - fer - ing, I will take his of - fer - ing.



Offertory March.

(After the offering has been taken up, let the children stop marching, standing quietly while they sing the prayer.)

HÄNDEL. Arr.

All things come from Thee, O

Lord, And of Thine own have we giv - en to Thee. A - MEN.

Now Thank We All Our God.

211

MARTIN RINKART, 1636.

Trans. CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1858.

JOHANN CRÜGER, 1647.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time. The first staff (treble clef) starts with a key signature of one sharp. The second staff (bass clef) starts with a key signature of one flat. The third staff (treble clef) starts with a key signature of one flat. The fourth staff (bass clef) starts with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are integrated into the music, with each line of text corresponding to a specific staff. The music features various note values including quarter notes, eighth notes, and sixteenth notes, with rests and dynamic markings like forte and piano.

Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voic - es,

Who won - drous things hath done, In whom His world re - joic - es;

Who from our moth - er's arms Hath blessed us on our way

With count - less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day. A - MEN.

Bells of Christmas.

Chimes interlude between verses if desired.

Lively.

1. Hark! the bells of Christ - mas On the frost - y air, Ring - ing their glad
 2. Sweet the bells of Christ - mas Sound on this glad day, Tell - ing of the
 3. Loud the bells of Christ - mas Peal o'er all the earth, Tell - ing ev - 'ry
 4. Ring! ye bells of Christ - mas, While the chil - dren sing, "Glo - ry in the

CHORUS.

tid - ings,—Joy is ev - 'ry - where. Ring - ing, swing - ing, Now the Christ is
 Christ Child Cra - dled in the hay.
 na - tion Of that dear Child's birth.
 high - est," Bells of Christ - mas, ring!

born, Ring - ing, swing - ing, Swing - ing, sing - ing, Now the Christ is born.

The King of Love my Shepherd Is.

213

HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES. 1868.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time (indicated by '4') and G major (indicated by a 'G' with a sharp). The first two staves begin with a treble clef, while the third staff begins with a bass clef. The music features various note values including quarter notes, eighth notes, and sixteenth notes, with rests and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano). The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the staves. The first two staves contain two stanzas of lyrics, and the third staff contains a concluding statement.

I. The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fail - eth nev - er;
2. Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow My ran - som'd soul He lead - eth;

I noth - ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er.
And where the ver - dant pas - tures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.

Silent Night.

Anon.

German Volkslied.

Si - lent night! peace - ful night! All things sleep, shep - herds keep

Watch on Beth - le-hem's si - lent hill, And un - seen, while

all is still, An - gels watch a - bove, An - gels watch a - bove.

2 Bright the star shines afar,
Guiding trav'lers on their way,
Who their gold and incense bring,
Off'rings to the promised king,
Child of David's line.

3 Light around! joyous sound!
Angel voices wake the air;
"Glory be to God in heaven;
Peace on earth to you is given;
Christ, the Saviour, is come."



Cut stars from yellow paper and paste in border.

For the Beauty of the Earth.

215

FOLLIOTT SANDFORD PIERPONT,* 1864.

CONRAD KOCHER, 1838.

For the beau - ty of the earth, For the splen - dor of the skies,

The musical notation consists of two staves of music in common time (indicated by a '4'). The top staff is in G major (one sharp) and the bottom staff is in C major (no sharps or flats). The melody is primarily composed of quarter notes and eighth notes.

For the love which from our birth O - ver and a - round us lies;

The musical notation consists of two staves of music in common time (indicated by a '4'). The top staff is in G major (one sharp) and the bottom staff is in C major (no sharps or flats). The melody is primarily composed of quarter notes and eighth notes.

Lord of all, to Thee we raise This, our hymn of grate - praise. A-MEN.

The musical notation consists of two staves of music in common time (indicated by a '4'). The top staff is in G major (one sharp) and the bottom staff is in C major (no sharps or flats). The melody is primarily composed of quarter notes and eighth notes. The word 'A-MEN' is written in capital letters at the end of the line.

God of the Light.

Arr. from *Second Symphony, BEETHOVEN.*

God of the light, At whose com - mand,

Ped. * *Ped.* *

cres.

Out of the dark - ness, Light hath shined,

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

cres.

Out of the dark - ness, Light hath shined. . . .

f

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

The Still, Small, Holy Voice.

217

MINOT J. SAVAGE.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef, G major, and 6/8 time. The bottom staff is in bass clef, C major, and 6/8 time. The lyrics are integrated into the music. The first line of lyrics, "There is a still, small, ho - ly voice, The voice of God most high," corresponds to the first measure of the treble clef line. The second line of lyrics, "That whis - pers al - ways in our heart, And says that He is by." corresponds to the second measure of the treble clef line. The music concludes with a final measure on the bass clef staff.

There is a still, small, ho - ly voice, The voice of God most high,
That whis - pers al - ways in our heart, And says that He is by.

From *A Book of Song and Service*, Unitarian Sunday School Society.



Lift Thine Eyes.

From "Elijah," MENDELSSOHN.

Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the moun - tains, whence

Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the moun - tains, whence

Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the moun - tains, whence

com - eth, whence com - eth, whence com - eth help.

com - eth, whence com - eth, whence com - eth help.

com - eth, whence com - eth, whence com - eth help.



Franconia

219

BROOKE HERFORD.

BRISTOL TUNE BOOK.

1. Lead us, Heav'nly Fa - ther, Lead us, Shep-herd kind;
2. Lead us, Heav'nly Fa - ther, In our op'n - ing way;
3. Lead us, Heav'nly Fa - ther, As the way grows long;
4. Lead us, Heav'nly Fa - ther, By Thy voi - ces clear,

We are on - ly chil - dren, Weak and young and blind.
 Lead us in the morn - ing Of our lit - tie day.
 Be our strong sal - va - tion, Be our joy - ous song.
 Through the proph - ects ho - ly, Through the Sa - viour dear,

All the way be - fore us Thou a - lone dost know;
 While our hearts are hap - py, While our souls are free,
 Glad - dened by Thy mer - cies, Chast - ened by Thy rod,
 He who took the chil - dren In his arm of love:

Lead us, Heav'nly Fa - ther, Sing - ing as we go.
 May we give our child - hood As a song to Thee.
 May we walk through all things Hum - bly with our God.
 May we all be gath - ered In his home a - bove.

With Happy Voices Ringing.

WILLIAM GEORGE TARRANT, 1888.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, 1864.

With hap - py voic - es ring - ing, Thy chil - dren, Lord, ap - pear, Their
 joy - ous prais - es bring - ing In an - thema sweet and clear. For
 skies of gold - en splen - dor, For az - ure roll - ing sea, For
 blos - soms sweet and ten - der, O Lord, we wor - ship Thee. A - MEN.

Waiting to Grow.

221

AMANDA TURNER.

1. Lit - tle white snow - drop just wak - ing up,

Vi - o - let, dai - sy and sweet but - ter - cup; Un - der the leaves and the

ice and the snow, Wait - ing, Wait - ing to grow!

From *The Kindergarten and Primary Magazine*, by permission.

2 Think what a host of queer little seeds,
Soon to make flowers and mosses and weeds,
Are under the leaves and the ice and the snow,
Waiting, waiting to grow!

3 Think of the roots getting ready to sprout,
Reaching their slender, brown fingers about,
Under the leaves and the ice and the snow,
Waiting, waiting to grow!

4 Nothing's so small, or hidden so well
That God cannot find it and presently tell
His sun where to shine, and His rain where to go,
Helping, helping them grow.

Consider the Lilies.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1868.

He hides within the lily,
 A strong and tender Care,
 That wins the earth-born atoms
 To glory of the air;
 He weaves the shining garments
 Unceasingly and still,
 Along the quiet waters,
 In niches of the hill.

O Toiler of the lily,
 Thy touch is in the man!
 No leaf that dawns to petal
 But hints the angel-plan:
 The flower-horizons open,
 The blossom vaster shows;
 We hear thy wide worlds echo,
 'See how the lily grows!'

WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

The Friendly Dark.

223

CLARA T. GUILD.

ELIZABETH H. DUNHAM.

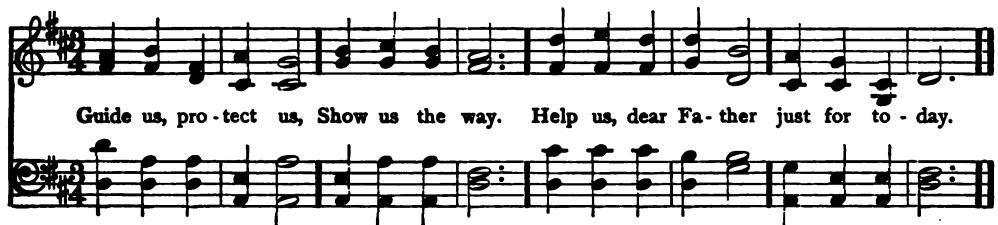
1. When the friend - ly dark - ness Falls on land and
2. Dark-ness soft and ten - der, Stars bright o'er our

sea, heads, O - ver birds and flow - ers, A - round you and me;
Birds and flowers and chil - dren Sleep - ing in their beds;

Then with twink - ling splen - dor Up a - bove so high,
All are from the Fa - ther, And His care for all

Stars will shine out bright - ly, In the dark - 'ning sky
Guides thro' light and dark - ness Spar - rows lest they fall

A Child's Prayer.



Guide us, pro - tect us, Show us the way. Help us, dear Fa - ther just for to - day.



Hymn of Thanks

225

L. C. VOGEL.

1st stanza, RALPH W. EMERSON.

2nd stanza, LUCIA C. VOGEL.



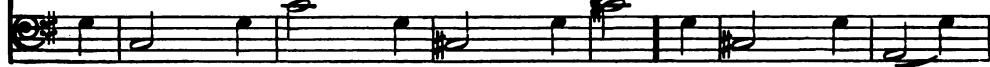
1. For flow - ers that grow a - bout our feet, For ten - der grass - es
2. For chil - dren that play a - bout our feet, For chil - dren's voic - es



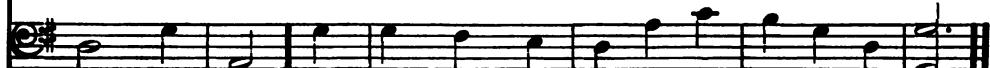
cool and sweet, For song of bird and hum of bee,
clear and sweet, For chil-dren's bright eyes where God's love we see,



For all things fair we hear and see, Our Fa - ther in heav'n,
For all lit - tle chil - dren where e'er they may be, Our Fa - ther in heav'n,



we thank Thee, Our Fa - ther in heav'n, we thank Thee.



Doing Our Part.

E. A. CHURCH.

Anon. Arr. by BENJAMIN CARR, 1824.

God of glo - ry, God of Love, On - ly lit - tie ones are we,

Show us how by work to prove All we do is un - to Thee.

As we walk our hap - py way Ten - der make each friend - ly heart,

And in kind - ness day by day May we do our lit - tie part. A - MEN.

Little Lambs So White and Fair.

227

B. L. W.



1. Lit - tie lambs so white and fair Are the shep - herd's con - stant care;
2. Now they lis - ten and o - bey, Fol - lowing where he leads the way;



Now he leads their ten - der feet In - to pas - tures green and sweet.
Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, may we be Thus o - be - dient un - to Thee!



From *Songs and Games for Little Ones*, by arrangement with Oliver Ditson Company.



What Can Thy Little Children Bring?

CLARA T. GUILD.

Arr. from GIOVANNI PIERLUIGI DA PALESTRINA, 1591.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
 What can thy little children bring
 To show their thanks to God our King?
 Bring happy hearts and gladly sing,
 Alleluiah!

How may thy children best serve thee?
 For willing hands and hearts have we.
 Just help each other, so serve me!
 Alleluiah!

We Thank Thee, Father.

229

EDWARD A. HORTON.

Arr. by HOWARD M. DOW.

1. We thank Thee, Fa - ther, For all that's fair and bright,—Long sun - ny
2. With songs we praise Thee; Our thanks shall ev - er rise For Thy great

The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time (indicated by '4'). The top staff is in G major (indicated by a 'G' with a sharp sign) and the bottom staff is in C major (indicated by a 'C'). The music features eighth-note patterns and rests. The lyrics for the first stanza are written below the staves.

hours by day, And stars by night; For homes that hold us dear,
good - ness, seen In earth and skies; Through ev - 'ry path we tread,

The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time (indicated by '4'). The top staff is in G major (indicated by a 'G' with a sharp sign) and the bottom staff is in C major (indicated by a 'C'). The music features eighth-note patterns and rests. The lyrics for the second stanza are written below the staves.

Bless - ings through all the year! Yes, Thou art ev - er near, Car - ing for all.
By Thy great mer - cy led, Round us each day is shed, Love from on high.

The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time (indicated by '4'). The top staff is in G major (indicated by a 'G' with a sharp sign) and the bottom staff is in C major (indicated by a 'C'). The music features eighth-note patterns and rests. The lyrics for the third stanza are written below the staves.



BV1540 .G8
The little child in Sunday school;
Andover-Harvard

ADV2368



3 2044 017 093 337

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

GUILD, Clara T.

Call Number

AUTHOR

BV

The little child in

1540

TITLE

.G8

Sunday school



BV1540 .G8
The little child in Sunday school;
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